

The Springfield Sun.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WASHINGTON COUNTY

VOLUME III.

SPRINGFIELD, KY., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1907.

NUMBER 50

BURLEY GROWERS

Will Ask Legislature to Pass Law Compelling Tobacco Company To Leave State

IF THEY REFUSE TO BUY 1906 CROP.

Reports were received in Louisville yesterday from Cincinnati, where informal meetings of the burley tobacco growers' societies have been held for several days, that an ultimatum is about to be given the American Tobacco Company, that it must either buy the 1906 holdings of the Burley Society or prepare to be driven out of the State by a law which the growers say they will submit to the Legislature, declaring the company a combination in restraint of trade, says the Louisville Herald of yesterday.

This is the final and strongest weapon which the growers can use, and is intended, it is declared, to bring the company to terms. Not only has the trust refused thus far to purchase the 1906 crop at prices named by the growers, but it is preparing, it is said, to substitute dark tobacco to a large extent for the light burley, and to experiment with tobacco grown in other regions in its effort to keep from having to pay the prices demanded by the growers.

FORMER PASTOR

Of Springfield Baptist Church Has Been Successful In New Jersey.

The following is from the Patterson, (N. J.) Call:

At the close of the communion service yesterday morning, the Rev. George Douglas, of the Madison Avenue Baptist church, read his resignation as pastor of the church. It was received with much regret by the members of his congregation.

Rev. Mr. Douglas will go to Flushing, N. Y., the First Baptist church of that town having given him an unanimous call to the pastorate.

When Mr. Douglas took charge of the church in 1903, which was then called the Sixth Baptist church, it was a struggling affair, with a weak membership and small congregations.

Soon after his coming the church took on new life, baptisms were frequent, members were added, and the congregations began to overflow the building, people frequently being turned from the doors for lack of room.

About a year ago work was begun on enlarging the building to seat double the number of attendants, and last June the beautifully remodeled house was opened.

Since then success has continued, especially large congregations attending the evening services, where the only attractions are the simple preaching of the Gospel of Christ, and unusually hearty congregational singing.

During the four and a half years of Mr. Douglas' pastorate the Madison Avenue Baptist church has become a spiritual power in the city; more than doubled its membership, met all running expenses, increased the pastor's salary three times and paid \$4,500 for debt and improvements.

Mr. Douglas left Springfield four and a half years ago to accept the charge of the above church in New Jersey, having at that time resigned the pastorate of the Baptist church here. His many friends in this county will be glad to learn of his remarkable success in New Jersey.

Declared Dividend.

At a meeting of the directors of the Washington County Fair Association last Saturday a 6 per cent. dividend was declared on this year's business.

HUNTERS GALORE

Scouring the Fields In Search of Bob White.

Partridges are plentiful this season—so are hunters and dogs. In fact "the man behind the gun" is visible upon the hillsides and in the valleys, and the bang of the gun and the flutter of birds are breaking the quietude of the country roundabout.

Not within the memory of the oldest inhabitants have birds been so plentiful. Before the hunting season opened it was not an unusual sight to see covies of quail "leisurely strolling along the highways," and some times they came to town to take in the sights.

FIFTY-SIX ADDITIONS

To The Baptist Church As a Result of Meetings Held by Rev. Williams.

One of the most remarkable religious meetings ever held in Springfield closed at the Baptist church last Monday night. The revival was begun Monday two weeks ago, and from the first much interest was manifested. There were fifty-six additions to the church. The meetings were conducted by Rev. Williams, the pastor, who delivered some very strong sermons.

C. C. McCHORD

May Be Retained By State In Important Rate Cases.

The State Journal says:

Hon. C. C. McChord, who was defeated by Col. Tarleton, for re-election to the office of Railroad Commissioner, in this, the Second district, by the narrowest of margins, was here yesterday in his office, preparing to wind up his business as Chairman of the Commission. In conversation with friends Mr. McChord conceded the election of Tarleton by a majority slightly in excess of 400. He had nothing to say in explanation of the result except that it was patent that Tarleton had the votes.

Quite a number of friends of Senator McChord are urging his appointment as a special attorney for the Railroad Commission in the important rate injunction cases which have been brought against it by all of the railroads in the State, which are seeking to prevent a reduction of twenty-five per cent in their freight rates. It is argued by Mr. McChord's friends and the shippers who are interested in winning the fight for the Commission against the railroads, that he is more familiar with the details of this case than any other man in the State, and it would be a most serious blow to the case of the Commission should a severance of his relations with the beleaguered and long drawn out case occur at this stage.

Although he steps out of a \$2,000 position, it is hardly probable that Mr. McChord will suffer a diminution of his income for in addition to representing the State in above case, he has been engaged by Gov. Glenn, to appear for the State of North Carolina in the celebrated fight which that executive is making to force the railroads of that State to obey the laws which have been enacted there. His fee in this case will undoubtedly be a fat one, and it is intimated here that Gov. Comer, of Alabama, who is having railroad troubles of his own, is looking toward Mr. McChord to solve many of them. The wide experience which the retiring Commissioner has gained in the handling of the intricate rate cases in Kentucky, has attracted much attention and his friends say that he is fast making a reputation as one of the best posted attorneys on railroad affairs in the country.

Subscribe For The Sun. \$1.00 year

HIGH SCHOOL

Matters Discussed In An Entertaining Way--Old Students Winning Laurels In Other Schools.

The first quarterly examination for the year was held last week and the result shows creditable progress in all the grades.

Good reports come to us of the work of former pupils, now completing their work in the universities. Jno. S. McElroy won the preliminary debate at Centre over nine opponents, some of whom had won honors before. "Dick" Barber won the preliminary oratorical contest at Wisconsin against thirty-five opponents. All high school is confident both will win in the finals. This makes an unique record for our school. One of its pupils last year won the highest honors in the Louisville Law School; another won the honors in the Louisville College of Pharmacy; still another won the scholarship at Centre, after having won the intercollegiate declamatory contest, and in the two Tournaments our school has entered our pupils have won medals in every declamatory contest entered—six in all—and have won more medals for scholarship and athletics than any rival school.

If our boys and girls continue their fine work in life's contests—and we know they will—our school will one day have high rank among the educational institutions of the State.

The Literary Society held a spirited debate on Friday as to the relative greatness of Caesar and Napoleon. In the absence of Jno. Roberts, the leader on the side for Caesar, and one of the best debaters the society has ever enlisted, Prof. Kesner was chosen to take his place. Charges of bribery were preferred against Prof. Kesner, he having promised peanuts and bologna to judge and debaters provided Caesar was declared the greater general. Along toward night the judge, Rodman Thurman, decided that Caesar had been shown to have been the greater general and the contest was over.

At this meeting preliminary steps

were taken for the annual public debate to be held at the Opera House just before the Christmas holidays. The debaters chosen by the society to represent them on that occasion are Ollie Barber, Thomas Colvin, Edd Willett, Walter Clements, Harry Shultz and Parker Medley. Knight Handy was chosen chairman and Rodman Thurman and Hattie Rice were chosen to recite. The debaters and singers have been promised a banquet after the debate, where teachers and pupils will meet to equals to celebrate their relationship.

Miss Lizzie Waters, the school's instructor in music, is already busy preparing the musical program for Christmas. All the old musical stars of the school, Mary Haydon, Frances Martin and "Billy" Waters, have offered their assistance in drilling the new recruits and the result of their combined efforts promises to be the best singing our school has yet had. Miss Waters is anxious to continue her winning record of last year, when her pupils won every musical contest in the Tournament and we believe she will.

The hunting season having begun, we can now expect marvelous tales of the prowess of the school's Nimrods. L. D. Walker, the champion hunter (according to L. D.) of last year, has been wearing an habitual look of abstraction for some time and Wallace Rogers says he knows L. D. is just thinking up another one of his great experiences as a hunter.

Prof. Kesner has been generously invited to make one of a hunting crowd, but Prof. Kesner says Hallowsen and hunting parties are not in his line.

Hereafter, the grade making the best record in scholarship will receive honorable mention in these columns each month.

FATAL ACCIDENT

Nephew of County Clerk W. F. Booker Meets Death While Out Hunting Near Louisville.

The Courier-Journal of to-day gives the following account of the tragic death of William F. Booker, who was well known here, being a nephew of County Clerk W. F. Booker, of Washington county:

William F. Booker, Sr., secretary of the Pease-Gault Company, 413-417 West Main street, was accidentally shot and killed while waiting for the Prospect car at Strater's station yesterday afternoon about 3:30 o'clock. The charge entered his body in the left side.

He was placed on an inbound car and died fifteen minutes after the accident. Mr. Booker started out early yesterday morning with Fred Lewis, of Lewis & Chambers, his first cousin and intimate friend, on a quail hunt along Harrods creek.

In the afternoon they shot a number of rabbits on the farm of Charles G. Strater, and about 3 o'clock they went to the station to await the arrival of the Prospect car, due at Strater's station at 3:30 o'clock. Both were fatigued and sat down on the wall near the station to await the arrival of the car.

Mr. Booker called his dog to him and started picking some burrs from him. His shotgun, which had the trigger of one of the barrels half cocked, was leaning against his right leg, when the dog, which was of a playful disposition,

started jumping around, and in some unaccountable manner hit the trigger of the gun, causing it to be discharged. The load struck Mr. Booker in the left side.

The car to the city arrived at the station about ten minutes after the accident. Mr. Booker was placed on it and was being carried with all speed to the city. He passed away five minutes after being placed on the car and before medical attention could reach him. Mr. Lewis is almost prostrated with grief over the accident.

Mr. Booker was born in Springfield, Ky., in 1848. He was the son of Samuel E. Booker and Maria L. Booker, and came to Louisville in 1905. His father died about fifteen years ago, but his mother makes her home at the residence, 1222 Third avenue.

Mr. Booker was a deacon in the Second Presbyterian church. His refinement and culture as well as his pleasant disposition made him generally beloved. Although unostentatious in his work, many charities benefited by his zeal.

Six children and his wife, who was Miss Bella Owsley, a daughter of the late E. Boyle Owsley, survive Mr. Booker.

Besides his mother, one brother, Paul Booker, a planter, living in Arkansas, and two sisters, Mrs. E. H. Bowen and Mrs. J. P. Claybrook, wife of the City Engineer, survive him.

Bloomfield Creamery.

The Bloomfield correspondent to the Kentucky Standard says:

The Stockholders of the Bloomfield Creamery Association held their annual meeting Saturday, November 2, for the purpose of electing new directors for the coming year. The old board of directors consisting of Messrs. B. S. Tyler, F. B. Offutt and J. W. Huston were reelected. The creamery has been

doing good business since its organization nearly a year ago. For the nine months of this year ending September 30, they have made and sold 59,117 pounds of butter at an average of 28 2-3 cents per pound, paying to the producers \$16,631.70 in that time, besides deducting a surplus fund of \$183.16 and running expenses of \$1,907.81. The directors have declared a dividend of 6 per cent. payable to the stockholders January 1, 1908. Subscribe for The Sun. \$1.00 year

SERIES OF MEETINGS

To Commence At Methodist Church Here Next Monday.

A series of meetings will be commenced at the Springfield Methodist church next Monday. The pastor, Rev. Lyon, will be assisted in the meeting by Dr. J. W. Simpson, of Taylorsville, who is said to be an excellent speaker. It is predicted that the meeting will be an interesting and uplifting one. All are invited to attend.

Rev. Lyon is now engaged in a successful meeting at Pleasant Run in this county.

DEATH OF MRS. BOSLEY

One of The County's Loved and Honored Women Passes Away.

Mrs. Margaret Bosley, one of the county's most loved and honored women, died at the home of her son, Mr. C. F. Bosley, of near Texas, aged seventy-seven years, this morning at 4 o'clock, November 20, 1907. Mrs. Bosley had been in declining health for several months, and while her death came as a shock to her loved ones, it was no surprise.

The deceased leaves four children—Mr. C. F. Bosley and Miss Lizzie Bosley, of Texas, this county; Mrs. H. C. Nelson, of California, and Mrs. Belle Lanham, of Texas, to whom many friends extend condolence.

The deceased was a devout member of the Pleasant Run Methodist church. Her Christian life was pretty, and before ill health retarded her, she was most active in working for the cause of her Master. She was charitable toward all, and was an affectionate and devoted mother. In her death the children lose their best friend.

Mrs. Bosley was the widow of Charles Fleece Bosley, who died in this county about twenty-five years ago. He was one of the county's most substantial citizens, and is well remembered by the older people.

Funeral services will be conducted tomorrow morning at 10 o'clock by Rev. G. W. Lyon, after which interment will occur at Pleasant Run.

EDWARD BLANFORD

Passes Away at the Home of His Brother-in-Law.

Mr. Edward Blanford, a well-known and respected citizen, died at the home of his brother-in-law, Mr. C. R. Fillatreau, near St. Rose, last Saturday morning, after a long and painful illness. Mr. Blanford was well-known in the county, and has many friends who will regret to hear of his death. The deceased was seventy years old and was a veteran of the Civil War, being a member of the Tenth Kentucky Infantry.

He was a devout member of the Catholic church. Funeral services were conducted at St. Rose, after which the body was laid to rest in the cemetery at that place.

ROBT. RILEY'S

Arm Broken In Two Places While at Work at Saw Mill.

Mr. Robt. Riley, while at work at a saw mill last week, near Williamsburg, received two unusually severe fractures of the right arm. In some manner Mr. Riley's arm was caught in a belt, and before it could be extricated, was broken above and below the elbow. The fractures, while very painful and serious, will, it is thought, give Mr. Riley no permanent trouble. His many Springfield friends hope that he will soon recover.

HORRIBLE ACCIDENT.

Little Joseph Blandford Crushed to Death Beneath Wagon Wheels.

ACCIDENT OCCURRED SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

Joseph Blandford, Jr., the four-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Blandford, who reside about seven miles from Springfield, on the St. Rose and Lebanon pike, in Marion county, was crushed to death late Saturday afternoon beneath the wheels of a wagon loaded with corn.

The little fellow was in the lot with his father and climbed upon the wagon. One of the horses gave a quick, sudden start and the child was thrown from the wagon, falling beneath the wheels, which passed over his stomach, killing him almost instantly.

The father and mother are prostrated with grief over the tragic death of their little boy.

The child was unusually bright, and his death comes as a great shock to the people of that community.

The Sun extends sympathy to the bereaved parents, who are suffering an anguish more cutting than we can realize. To have the dear little boy snatched from them in this tragic manner by the cold, terrible hand of death makes a wound upon the heart that even the passing of time cannot remove. Those of us who have little children to brighten our hearthstones can, in a way, imagine how awful is the suffering of Mr. and Mrs. Blandford.

The sting that death leaves when a little child wings its way to God is mysterious. We may know that the precious one has joined the Angel Band of our gracious God; we may know that it will rest forever in a sublime eternity, away from the "arrows and slings" of earth, and that through incalculable years it will be happy and contented in the mansions on high, yet our grief is torturous.

DEATH CLAIMS AGED WOMAN

Mrs. Margaret A. Noe Passed to Her Reward Thursday Night.

On last Thursday night, November 14, 1907, at 9:20 o'clock Mrs. Margaret A. Noe, one of the oldest and most highly respected women of the county died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Thomas Comstock, of dropsy. Mrs. Noe had been in declining health for over a year, but was only confined to her bed three days prior to her death. The deceased was seventy-seven years old, having been born August 16, 1830. Mrs. Noe's life was spent in Washington county, where she had many friends who will remember her as a conscientious Christian, a kind and affectionate wife and a loving mother. Her husband, who was well and favorably remembered by Springfield people, died in March, 1885.

Mrs. Noe was a member of the Springfield Baptist church and was a lovely Christian character. She was kind to the suffering and charitable toward all. In her death the family, church and community have sustained a loss.

Mrs. Noe was the mother of Mr. Chas. Noe and Mrs. Thos. Comstock, of Springfield, and of Prof. Cotton Noe of the State College, Lexington. To these grief-stricken ones the community extends condolence.

Funeral services were conducted at the Baptist church here last Saturday, after which interment occurred at Pleasant Grove.

The MERCHANTS

Who sell the Goods are Merchants who



ADVERTISE



Wise and Judicious Advertisers first study the wants of their Patrons and then Select the Best Medium Through which to put their wares before the public.

The Springfield Sun

Is recognized as the best paying medium through which the merchants of Washington county acquaint the public with their goods.

The SUN goes into every nook and corner of the county, into the homes of the best people, is read by men, women and children alike, not only because of its superior news service—covering the entire county and giving State and National news in condensed form, and containing every other feature of an up-to-date country newspaper, but because its advertising columns are a safe guide to follow in the purchasing of merchandise of all kinds.

Advertise in The Sun and Get Results

GOV.-ELECT

WILLSON

Says He Will Bring Taylor And Finley to Kentucky For Trial.

Indianapolis, Ind., Nov. 17.—Augustus E. Willson, Republican Governor-elect of Kentucky, with Mrs. Willson, who are on their way to Washington, stopped here to-day with relatives. In an interview this evening, Mr. Willson stated that if William S. Taylor, former Governor of Kentucky, and Charles Finley, former Secretary of State, under indictment for complicity in the murder of Gov. William Goebel, return to the State he intends to see that their lives are protected and that they get an absolutely fair and impartial trial. He declined to discuss the case of Caleb Powers, but declared that he wants him also to have a fair and impartial trial. Mr. Willson denied the report that he had come to Indianapolis to see former Gov. Taylor.

"That report is a mistake," declared the Governor-elect. "I could not come to see Mr. Taylor, who may have a case before me. I do not want to see him now, and I am sure that he does not want to see me. The cases of Messrs. Taylor and Finley, like that of Caleb Powers, are on the court docket of the State of Kentucky and must be tried just like any other cases. But, if Mr. Taylor and Mr. Finley come back to Kentucky, they must have a speedy trial and a fair and impartial one."

Continuing, he said: "Neither of these men want anything else, as I understand it. The people of Kentucky are tired of hearing of these cases. I shall take my office as Governor December 10, and I cannot act except for the people. When I take my oath of office I will be a sworn officer under the law. I do not intend to act any other way."

"Messrs. Taylor and Finley will come when I send for them, and I will send for them at the proper time. That will be when I find that the court is ready to try them. I shall protect them when they come and shall insist that they have a fair trial. I am convinced that they were turned out of office by fraudulent action of the Legislature after

they were elected by clear majorities. All Kentucky knows that as well as I. These men know that will get a fair trial when they return.

"During the four years that I am Governor we are going to have law and order in Kentucky."

William S. Taylor, when seen to-night, reiterated his statement that he is willing to go back to Kentucky for trial when he can get justice. When Gov.-elect Willson's statements were read to him he said that, in his opinion, Mr. Willson has taken the proper view of things.

Don't Pay Alimony

to be divorced from your appendix. There will be no occasion for it if you keep your bowels regular with Dr. King's New Life Pills. Their action is so gentle that the appendix never has cause to make the least complaint. Guaranteed by Haydon & Robertson, Druggists. 25c. Try them.

The Home.

Give a roof that is mine own. A plot of ground, a clean hearth-stone; Some one to love me, day by day; A little child to watch at play; A friend's strong hand to grasp betimes; Some books which hold truths brave and strong; To help me as I trudge along. Health, and of toil my righteous share; Each night I'll say a grateful prayer! Edwin Carille Litsey in Farm Journal.

Don't hurry so. Just wait, keep cool! To get the work all done Before the world comes to an end. Just take some time for fun. What's all our living worth, unless We've time enough for happiness? —Farm Journal.

I've always noticed great success is mixed with trouble, more or less; And it's the man who does the best. Who gets more kicks than all the rest. James Whitcomb Riley.

My Best Friend.

Alexander Benton, who lives on Rural Route 1, Fort Edward, N. Y., says: "Dr. King's New Discovery is my best earthly friend. It cured me of asthma six years ago. It has also performed a wonderful cure of incipient consumption for my son's wife. The first bottle ended the terrible cough, and this accomplished, the other symptoms left one by one, until she was perfectly well. Dr. King's New Discovery's power over coughs and colds is simply marvelous." No other remedy has ever equaled it. Fully guaranteed by Haydon & Robertson, Druggists. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

HAPPY HOLLOW.

Mrs. John Armstrong and daughter, Miss Myrtle, spent Sunday with Mr. J. A. Coulter and family, near this place.

Mr. Harvie Hardin, of Scruggsville, spent Saturday and Sunday with his sister, Mrs. Tom Coulter.

Mrs. M. C. Keeling and three children spent last week with Mrs. Keeling's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Brown, at Fairview.

Misses Flessie and Pearl Armstrong attended Sunday school at Willisburg Sunday.

Mr. Jim P. Brewer is on the sick list this week.

Miss Jennie Logsdon spent Saturday and Sunday with her father at Simms-town.

Born, to the wife of Mr. Davis Noel, on November 9, a ten-pound boy.

Mr. J. S. Thomas and family spent Sunday with his brother, Mr. Will Thomas and family, at Pleasant Grove.

Miss Effie Coulter spent Monday night with Miss Myrtle Armstrong at this place.

Messrs. Harvie Sea and John Kays, of Polin, were at this place Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Crook and children, Messrs. Will Dugan and John Settle dined with Mr. T. W. Sutherland, of this place, Sunday.

Mr. J. D. Sutherland and wife spent from Friday until Monday with Mr. Sutherland's brother, Mr. Ezra Sutherland, at Buffalo.

We were sorry to hear of the death of Mr. Bill Taylor Cheser last week.

Mrs. J. M. Shields visited her sister, Mrs. Johnnie Jenkins, of Willisburg, Sunday night.

Miss Pearl Armstrong spent Tuesday with Miss Jessie Noel, at Sweet Retreat.

The Hillsboro girls will play ball against the Hillsboro boys at Sweet Retreat next Friday afternoon.

Mrs. Cocanougher is spending this week with the family of Mr. F. G. Noel.

Mr. George Colvin, of Illinois, is visiting his father at Brooksville this week.

Mr. John Armstrong bought of Mr. J. M. Shields some land, containing 26 acres, known as shewmaker's tract.

Mr. Marshall Keeling bought a heifer calf from Mr. James Shields.

Mr. Ben Colvin will leave soon for Illinois.

Mr. Solomon Kays sold a calf to Mr. M. C. Keeling; price unknown.

Messrs. George and Creath Dean are visiting friends at Harrodsburg this week.

Management of Servants.

When engaging a servant be careful to explain her work to her; also show her that the work must be done in your way and not hers or the way her former mistress had it done. When she does well in her work encourage her by a few words of praise. Never reprove her in the presence of others and above all while she is serving a meal, says the New York Journal.

Retain your temper at all times. Give your orders for each day as early as possible, and if it seems necessary write them down very distinctly and clearly on a piece of paper and fasten it up in the pantry, kitchen or some other convenient place.

See that she is extremely neat in her dress, hair neatly and simply arranged, no jewelry worn, a perfectly clean apron, collar, cuffs and cap and a spotless gown. It is well to give strict orders in regard to the hours when the servants are allowed to have visitors.

Tell the maid who opens the door never to let the visitors stand in the hall, but to show them immediately into the drawing room. Instruct her carefully what she must say in reply to messages left at the door or when persons who call are not to be admitted.

Most persons prefer to have the maid say that "Mrs. Brown is not at home," meaning that she is not at home to callers. It is purely a matter of form and is not considered an untruth. However, some persons are scrupulous in this matter and prefer to have the maid say, "Mrs. Brown begs to be excused this afternoon."

Candlelight.

Commenting on the difficulties encountered in the lighting of old buildings, due to the circumstance that there are certain fixed points, often unfavorable ones, at which the lights must be placed, the Electrical Record calls attention to a quantity interesting passage in Dr. Louis Bell's "Art of Illumination."

Dr. Bell says that if electric lights had been in use for centuries and the candle had just been invented it would be hailed as one of the greatest blessings of the century on the ground that it is absolutely self-contained, always ready for use and perfectly mobile, and this last named admirable quality is one with which it solves one of the most difficult problems of illumination. Of course, he adds, it would hardly be reasonable to recommend at this day and date the adoption of candles or lamps for any areas where gas lighting and electric wiring can be done, and they would prove wholly inadequate in large areas, but even these crude types of radiants still possess some advantages over the more modern ones.

Lake's Overflowers.

No. 70-1443 acres, good dwelling, 8 acre tobacco barn, 50 acres of fine bottom land, well fenced, plenty of hill tobacco land, some timber. Price \$60 per acre.

No. 74-125 acres, on good pike, 1 mile from school, close to church, 4 miles from Springfield, good 6 room dwelling, good stock barn, 50x60 feet; plenty of water, plenty of locust post, all farm in grass, fine orchard, a bargain at \$22.50 per acre.

No. 75-2774 acres in 1 mile of Springfield, on pike, 2 new tobacco barns, 1 small house, a stable, plenty of grass and water. One of the finest farms in Washington county; cheap.

No. 76-1144 acres, 6 miles from Lebanon, on good pike, good 6 room dwelling, 2 good barns, all out-buildings, all farm in grass, 30 acres orchard grass, well watered, under good fence; \$55 per acre.

No. 80-138 acres, 6 miles from Springfield, 1 mile from pike, 5 room 2 hall dwelling, in good repair; good barn, some good timber over half the farm in grass, 50 acres of fine tobacco land, plenty of water. Price \$35 per acre.

No. 81-160 acres, 5 miles from Lebanon, 5 miles from Springfield, on good pike; 9 room dwelling, in excellent repair, good tenant house, 3 stock barns, one 10x10 feet; plenty of grass, fine tobacco land, all necessary outbuildings, well watered, under good fence. Price \$50 per acre.

No. 82-215 acres, 10 miles from Springfield, on good pike, 3 miles from depot, 8 room frame dwelling in good repair, good stock barn, 2 good orchards, one peach and one apple; plenty of timber, plenty of water, 125 acres of grass, 20 acres of bottom land, 56 acres of fine tobacco land, good tenant house. Price \$20 per acre.

No. 83-1674 acres, 7 miles from Springfield, 1 mile from good road, 3 room dwelling in good repair, barn holds 4 acres of tobacco, 75 acres of good grass, 25 acres of good tobacco land, plenty of locusts, good fence, plenty of water. Price \$2,000.

No. 87-76 acres, 3 miles from Springfield, 1 mile from pike, 5 room dwelling, in good repair; good barn, plenty of water, good fence. Price \$30 per acre.

No. 88-114 acres, 1 mile from Mackville, 1 mile from pike, 8 room dwelling, 40 acres of grass, 50 acres of fine tobacco land, good tobacco barn, 40x100 feet; good stock barn. \$45 per acre.

No. 89-202 acres, 5 miles North of Springfield, 10 acre tobacco land, 3 room dwelling, plenty of water all the year around, plenty of grass, good fence, good stock barn. One of the best tobacco farms in the county. Price \$75 per acre.

No. 90-260 acres, 8 miles from Springfield, 9 room brick dwelling in good repair, farm well fenced, 2 good barns, will house 12 acres of tobacco; 30 acres of first bottom rest second bottom, one of the best tobacco farms in the county, plenty of grass, all the farm ready for the plow. Close to church and school, on good pike, 2 miles from depot. Price \$50 per acre.

B. D. LAKE

Real Estate Agent,
Springfield, Ky.

THE BEST BUSINESS SCHOOL

ON EARTH

The best school on earth is the one that gives the best course in the shortest time and smallest expense and prepares the young people for the best positions. CLARK'S SCHOOL OF BUSINESS gives a complete course in the latest and most up-to-date system of Actual Practice Bookkeeping and Shorthand, and places all graduates in good positions, having many more calls than graduates. School is in Session all the Year. Individual instruction and Enroll students any day. Get full particulars from the editor of this paper or Rev. Granville W. Lyon or write direct to the school, 1035 Fourth Avenue, Louisville, Ky.

Mother.

G. W. B. is Kentucky Advocate.

A SHRINE.

The years have passed in ceaseless round
Since first they laid her here to rest
In dreamless sleep beneath the silent
mound,
With folded hands upon her gentle
breast.

The ivy twines about the crumbling
stone,
And Springtime's scented blossoms
fling
Their incense o'er the peaceful home
That knows no more of suffering.

Full many a Summer's sun has shined
Its brightest smile upon the hallowed
spot,
And sobered Autumn and Wild Winter
spread
Their garments here—she heeds them
not!

The feathered wildlings of the wood
and field
Their untamed melody around 't
make
But she who sleeps with eyes so softly
sealed
Their glad songs can never more
awake.

O restful sleep beneath the crumbling
mold,
To dream no more of hopes unrealized!
O Grave! What treasures do thy con-
fines hold,
By us so dearly loved and fondly
prized!

The one who, from his infancy up to
manhood's estate, has known and been
the recipient of the loving sacrifices
and tender care of that best earthly
friend—his mother—and who does not
treasure and appreciate her as Heav-
en's best gift, must be worse than an
infidel, or a brute. But alas! how many
there are who have been thus favored
and blessed who seem sometimes to
have but little if any appreciation of
the one who watched with ceaseless
vigil and loving ministrations over his
helpless infancy and his boyhood days,
and who marked with kindling eye and
pulsations of pride his development into
young manhood, only to be treated with
almost utter indifference and neglect
by the object of her affection and her
love, and whose heart has bled from
the dagger-thrust inflicted by the
"marble-hearted fiend." Ingratitude.
It is almost enough, it seems to me,
to make converts to the doctrine of total
depravity and to destroy one's confi-
dence in human nature.

But there be those who have been
denied the precious privilege of looking
into the face of one who gave her own
life that they might live, and who have
often longed and sighed through the
world's rugged journey for the "touch
of a vanished hand and the sound of a
voice that is still." And such as these,
who have never known the guidance
and the tender solicitude of a mother's
love, are more to be pitied for this loss
than for that of any other earthly
treasure, for by nature they are receptive
of human sympathy and capable of ap-
preciating what life has been without
her.

A \$2,700 Young Man

A young man who was drawing \$50 a
month took a course at Clark's School
of Business. A year later he was get-
ting

\$225 a month
\$175 monthly increase
\$2100 yearly increase
\$2100 in 10 years.

Not so bad! This
increase in salary came when
his earning power was enhanced.

Your salary will increase at the time
you are prepared to command it—not
before. Can a young person afford to
be without the training—not by any
means. Can one afford to get it? Most
certainly YES when it can be had in
Day or Night session and require so
short time.

12 weeks, \$40 for Short-hand
16 weeks, \$50 for Bookkeeping
\$5 a month night school
\$12 for 3 months night school

All graduates placed in good positions.
Many calls we can not fill.

Individual Instruction.
Home 2330, Cumberland 956 A South.
CLARK'S SCHOOL OF BUSINESS,
1035 4th, Louisville, Ky.

A Narrow Escape.

G. W. Cloyd, a merchant, of Plunk,
Mo., had a narrow escape four years
ago, when he ran a Jimson bur into his
thumb. He says: "The doctor wanted to
amputate it but I would not consent.
I bought a box of Bucklen's Arnica
Salve and that cured the dangerous
wound." 25c at Haydon & Robertson,
Druggists.

The SUN \$1

WOODLAWN.

Well, your humble scribe has re-
moved to Woodlawn and taken charge
of the L. & N. railroad business and
likes it, and the people very well. Of
course I will report all deaths, mar-
riages and other news that come under
my knowledge.

Dudley Barber and son, Emerson,
were in Bardstown last week after a
load of shingles.

Hughes & Beam have opened up their
slaughtering house for turkeys and are
killing several thousand a day.

Mr. Geo. U. Swearingen was in Lou-
isville last week to see Mr. Mack
Heaps, who is quite ill of typhoid fever,
but is reported better at this time.

Mr. W. O. Ellis has opened up a
laundry office at this place. Laundry
leaves every Tuesday morning and re-
turns Friday evening. He solicits your
patronage. He will also take orders
for nursery stock of all kinds to be de-
livered spring 1908.

Green Brier distillery will open up
about December 18. They employ a
large number of hands.

The health of this community is good
with the exception of bad colds.

Born, on November 13, to the wife
of Ed Borders, a fourteen-pound boy.

Mr. Owen Woford, of Chaplin, has
bought the Marks property and re-
moved thereto.

Mrs. W. O. Ellis and daughter, Miss
Nancy, were in Bardstown last Sat-
urday.

Mrs. Alice Dugen was in Bardstown
last Saturday on business.

There was a box party at Humphrey
school house Friday, Nov. 15, for the
benefit of the school. Quite a neat
sum was realized.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Crume gave the
young folks a social last Saturday
night.

Sensitive Skins.

In warm weather many of those who
usually wear gloves discard them and
the skin of the hands is exposed to the
warm rays of the summer sun, says
the New York American. The white-
ness of the skin and its delicate thin-
ness allow the elements of the sun to pene-
trate into the skin and it is apt, if the
exposure is prolonged, to produce in-
flammation.

The most usual occurrence is known as
"sunburning," and consists in the
occurrence of large scales of the horny
layer of the skin being thrown off,
leaving the skin red and tender be-
neath. Provided nothing else is pre-
sent capable of keeping up the inflamma-
tion this ends the matter and gradu-
ally the skin assumes its usual ap-
pearance. If, however, certain bac-
teria are present in the skin the pro-
cess thus begun may continue and
spread around the part primarily af-
fected.

Not only so, but it may occur even
though the primary exposure is very
trifling in degree and short in duration.
The light seems in these cases to
weaken the resistance of the skin and
the bacteria do the rest.

A patch inflamed in this way will
not recover spontaneously. In the
early stages sometimes protection
from the elements is enough, but this
is not always successful, even in the
earliest stages of such attacks, and it
is wise usually to submit it to other
treatment. It is a species of eczema
and yields most readily to the
application of tarry preparations such
as the following:

Recipe: Liqueur carbonis pileis, half
a dram; hydrazyl ammoniated, eight
grains; paraffin mulls, add one ounce.
Mix.

This ointment, too, is useful in treat-
ing any scaly scurf on the skin.

If the surface is red it may not tol-
erate an ointment of any kind and it
will yet yield to such a lotion as the
following, soaked in lint and renewed
as often as it dries:

Recipe: Liqueur plumbi subac-
tatis, quarter of an ounce; liquoris car-
bonis deodoratis, quarter of an ounce;
zinc oxide, half an ounce; glycerine,
half an ounce; water, rose, add six
ounces. Mix and apply by sponging
in and fixing to part involved.

Care of House Plants.

House plants can be put out of doors
with safety now. The best
place for them is on a veranda shel-
tered from the afternoon sun. Leave
them in their pots. Plan for free cir-
culation of air about them. Do not
allow any that are to be made use of
in the house next winter to bloom dur-
ing the summer. Throw their strength
into the production of branches. These
should be nipped at the end from time
to time to force the production of side
branches, thus securing a bushy, com-
pact plant. If the leaves are yellowish
points, only the question of ripeness
remains to be decided. A good ripe-
ness test is the color. A ripe fruit is
fragrant, spicy, tempting to the nos-
trils. Musk-melon with deep furrows
and rough surfaces, are soiled and
sweet. The color of the furrows is
also worth noting. If very green
green it is underripe; yellow, and it is
apt to be mushy. A very smooth sur-
face often means that the melon is
overripe. It may be sweet, but it will
be too soft and dry for perfection.

How to Judge Melons.

The first point in judging your melon
is the weight. A heavy fruit is a good
thing, and if heavy, says the Pittsburg
Dispatch, only the question of ripeness
remains to be decided. A good ripe-
ness test is the color. A ripe fruit is
fragrant, spicy, tempting to the nos-
trils. Musk-melon with deep furrows
and rough surfaces, are soiled and
sweet. The color of the furrows is
also worth noting. If very green
green it is underripe; yellow, and it is
apt to be mushy. A very smooth sur-
face often means that the melon is
overripe. It may be sweet, but it will
be too soft and dry for perfection.

MY LONG CHERISHED TRIP.

(Original.)

From the time I was a little girl I
desired to visit Europe, but since I was
poor and with no expectations there
was no prospect of my wish ever being
gratified. When I was fifteen years
old I began to save money for the pur-
pose and by the time I was twenty-
two had a sufficient amount to enable
me to purchase a second class passage
out and back and remain abroad six
weeks. My friends and relatives—I
had no parents—advised me to put my
savings out at interest rather than
spend them in any such fashion, but I
replied that I had saved them for a
purpose, would not have saved them
without the purpose and did not be-
lieve in such a water-tight course as
they advised. Besides, I maintained
that fate did more for persons who
were doing on the surface time for
those underneath and out of sight,
whereupon they assumed that I hoped
to meet some rich man who would
marry me. This was unkind, for I am
and was very plain.

I was not deterred by sneers and
sailed with the early summer he-
lign. We had a rough passage, and
the person with whom I was obliged to
room, a woman of fifty, was not only
senile, but really ill. There was no
one but me to look after her, and I
must either do so or see her suffer
without attention. I gathered from
what she told me that she was going
abroad for her health and had no de-
finite plans for travel. When we reach-
ed port she begged me to let her go
where I would. I told her frankly that
I had counted on my trip from child-
hood, had been seven years in saving
the few hundred dollars required to
make it, and to spend my time taking
care of a sick woman who evidently
had no money to purchase attendance
and comforts would be a terrible sac-
rifice, but when we came to leave the
steamer the poor woman was so de-
solate that I hadn't the heart to leave
her alone. I took her with me to Lon-
don and to the same apartment house.

The result of this move was that, in-
stead of seeing the sights of the British
capital, the time I had laid out for
the purpose was given to Miss Tift—that
was her name—and the only way
I could get out was to fire a cab and
where I would. I told her frankly that
she could not afford the expense, for she
never offered to pay the fare. Finally,
desiring to go to Paris, I proposed that
she should go to a hospital. This she
refused to do, but said she had a relative
in Paris and if I would take her
there she would not ask me to do any-
thing more for her. As I was going to
Paris it was impossible for me to re-
fuse to allow her to go on the same
train. So I consented and, making a
virtue of necessity, nursed her all the
way.

The day after we arrived she gave
me her relative's address, and I called
at the house. The relative had gone
away from there and had left no ad-
dress. I went back to my apartments
and found Miss Tift in great agony.
The doctor, who pronounced her
very sick woman who would
likely need a physician for a long pe-
riod, and before he would do anything
for her compelled me to pay his bill or
a large portion of it in advance. Miss
Tift could not consent in the mat-
ter, and—well, I took what I had saved
for my continental trip and gave it to
a French doctor I never had seen be-
fore in payment for services he had
not yet rendered to a person who was
nothing whatever to me.

The one curious thing Miss Tift
did was to die in time to enable me
to go home in accordance with my
original plan. Before her death she
was in such condition that the doctor
was enabled to tell her that she would
die and she had better settle her af-
fairs if she had any affairs to settle.
She sent for a notary, and when he
withdrew he handed me a sealed en-
velope, saying that it was her last will
and I was to take it to America.
I called for it, and she had mentioned
any payment out of what she had
willed to return money I had spent on
her, and he said that she had written
the will herself and he had not seen
anything but the signature. It had
been executed while I was out getting
a change of air, and the witnesses had
been called on from adjoining apart-
ments.

I had asked Miss Tift what she wish-
ed done with her body, and she said
"her old carcass wasn't worth taking to
America," and I could put it anywhere
I liked. I would find money for the
purpose in her trunk. I found \$100,
which enabled me to attend to the
burial on the very cheapest plan.

When I reached home I was aston-
ished to tell how I had been deprived of
what I had so long saved and hoped for.
My friends rallied me on not hav-
ing met a rich man to marry me, some
of them saying facetiously that they
expected would at least catch a little.
I avoided them as much as possible
and refused to talk of my trip when I
was obliged to meet them.

On the back of the envelope contain-
ing Miss Tift's will was the address of
a certain attorney. I mailed it to him,
then forgot all about it, supposing it
gave away worthless trinkets or heir-
looms. The attorney wrote me that
Miss Tift had left an estate valued at
about \$350,000 and had willed it all to
me.

I was an hour convincing myself that
I was not dreaming.

I subsequently made another trip
abroad, remaining as long as I wished.
I brought back with me Miss Tift's
body for interment in America. I also
brought back another body—a live one
—a British baron.

CONSTANCE WILD.

Dr. W. F. Trusty,

Practical

Dentist,

SPRINGFIELD, KENTUCKY.

Dental work at reasonable prices. All
work guaranteed.
Miles over Haydon & Barber.

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Insurance Agent,

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Will go anywhere. Terms reason-
able. Phone 54.

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Licensed Embalmer,

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Best Attention.

Every courtesy shown.

Handsome Line of Caskets and Burial Boxes.

Telephone: Day, 19; Night, 74.

CLUBBING RATES

—WITH—

LOUISVILLE DAILIES.

The Sun and The Louisville

Times one year, \$5 00

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days in the week, six
months 2 30

The Sun and the Sunday Cour-

ier-Journal one year 2 30

The Sun and The Louisville
Herald one year 3 25The Sun and The Louisville Evening
Post one year 4 00

B. D. LAKE'S BARGAINS IN REAL ESTATE.

No. 22.—721 acres, 7 miles from Springfield, good dwelling, good
barn, young orchard, fine mineral spring, plenty of water. Price
\$15 per acre.

No. 3.—70 acres, 6 miles from Springfield, good dwelling, good
tobacco barn, plenty tobacco land, good water, close to school
house and church. Price, \$40 per acre.

No. 4.—255 acres, three good barns, two dwellings, plenty of
grass. All the farm ready for the plow. Price, \$60 per acre.

No. 5.—167 acres, seven miles from Springfield, plenty timber,
oak, ash, hickory; good dwelling and barns, well-watered, one-half
maded from school house and church. Good tobacco land. Price,
per acre, \$15.

No. 9.—65 acres, nine miles from Springfield, 20 acres timber,
two houses, one barn that will hold ten acres of tobacco, well fenced.

No. 10.—108 acres, seven miles from Springfield, 15 acres good
timber, plenty good tobacco land, good barn, fine orchard, good
large dwelling. Will make fine dairy farm, on railroad. Price,
\$37.50 per acre.

No. 15.—196 acres, 7 miles from Springfield on good pike, one 7
room dwelling, barn, in good repair; 1 good stock barn, 80 acres in
blue grass, rest in cultivation; plenty of water. Price, \$30.

No. 18.—174 acres, 10 miles from Springfield, one good six room
dwelling, on good pike, 34 miles from depot, one fine orchard, good
large dwelling, good stock barn, All outbuildings, 90 acres bottom
land, 6 rods stone fence. Price \$32.

No. 19.—2751 acres, 75 acres good timber, two story nine room
dwelling, two tobacco barns, will hold 20 acres tobacco; two stock
barns, one house, two small houses, two good wells, plenty of
springs, fine young orchard, all kinds of fruit, large and small; ice
house, carriage house, all outbuildings new. Price \$50.

No. 20.—250 acres, nine miles from Springfield, good dwelling,
two good tenant houses, two tobacco barns, two stables, 75 acres
timber, plenty of grass, fine orchard. \$30 an acre.

Several other pieces of town property. If you want a home in
Springfield I've got it at any price.

No. 23.—1394 acres, 1 good dwelling, 2 tobacco barns, hold 15
acres of tobacco, one barn new; 1 mile from Maud, one half mile
from school, some timber, fine tobacco land, well fenced, plenty
of water. Price, \$35 per acre.

No. 25.—248 acres 24 miles from Springfield, 8 room dwelling,
good cellar, well in yard, good cistern at barn, fine stock barn,
50x60 ft under piling laid in cement, water in every field all
year, fine rest in grass, 35 acres of corn in this year.

No. 33.—231 acres in Nelson county, on Stoner pike 6 miles from
Bardtown, 6 miles from Bloomfield, 10 room brick dwelling, fine
stock barn, cistern at barn, loft that will hold 20 tons of hay, small
barn 36x40 ft, 70 acres in timothy and clover, 40 acres in corn, all
rest of farm in grass, brick tenant house, grainery, 2 story painted
machine house, 30 ft long, one of the nicest farms in Nelson county.
Price \$60 per acre. All limestone land.

No. 34.—225 acres, in the edge of Springfield, fine lands, well
fenced and watered, one of the best locations in Washington county
for a home. Cheap.

No. 35.—225 acres fine land, in the edge of Springfield. Will
sell as a whole, or divide it. Some timber, well watered. Plenty
of grass. Cheap.

No. 36.—House and lot, seven room dwelling, bath room. Lot
70 x 210. Stable, coal house and cellar, buggy and hen house.
Water in house and yard. Hot and cold water all over house. One
of best neighborhoods in town. \$3,000.

No. 38.—180 acres, six miles from Springfield, on good pike,
Farm in good grass, good six room dwelling, fine stock barn.
Well fenced. Plenty stock water. \$35 per acre.

No. 40.—Fifty acres, four room dwelling, well fenced and
watered, good land, good grass, barn and all out buildings, fine
well in yard. \$2750.

No. 41.—220 acres seven miles from Springfield, eight miles
from Lebanon, on good pike, one bran new dwelling, built this
year, good cellar and cistern. Never failing spring in yard, milk
house at spring. Good orchard. Plenty of small fruit, one ten-
acre tobacco barn, one stock barn, will hold seventy-five miles.
Buggy house and all outbuildings. Fine grass, plenty tobacco land.
Three-quarters of a mile from school and church. Price \$45 per
acre, easy payment.

No. 45.—164 acres, one and one-half miles from Springfield,
good small dwelling, small tenant house, good barn, 36 x 36, well-
watered, plenty of locust posts. Price \$30.00 per acre.

No. 46.—97 acres, 7 miles from Springfield, on pike, 25 acres of
fine timber, small house, stock barn, well watered, fine tobacco
land, good fence, price \$37.50 per acre.

No. 47.—76 acres, 8 miles from Springfield, 2 small dwellings,
one ten-acre tobacco barn, small stable, some timber, plenty of
tobacco land, 18 acres of clover, price \$2,000.

No. 49.—A farm, containing 254 acres eight miles from Spring-
field, on good pike, 8 room dwelling, seven acre tobacco barn,
plenty tobacco land, good stock barn, plenty water. Plenty locust
posts. Close to church and school. Price \$32.50 per acre.

No. 5

SPRINGFIELD SUN



ISSUED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

SUBSCRIPTION, -- ONE DOLLAR.

(In Advance.)

J. ROGERS GORE, Editor and Publisher.

Entered at the postoffice at Springfield Ky., for transmission through the mails as second-class matter.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One Year \$1.00
Six Months50
Three Months25

If writing to have your address changed always give the postoffice to which your paper is going as well as the postoffice to which you wish it sent.

One of the most disgusting things we know of is the cheap dude, or little fool, who sits around some good merchant's fire and speaks disparagingly of the farmer and laboring man. He's too small to notice more than a second at a sitting, and too insignificant to kick. In our mind the farmer and the laboring man are great fellows. The farmer supplies us with those things which hold soil and body together; he fattens the sheep that grows the wool that makes the clothes that keep us warm, and he's ten times bigger than a big politician. The laboring man builds our houses, digs our coal, runs our railroads, makes electric lights, pumps water, fights fire, rescues the perishing and does a thousand and one other very commendable things, and his little finger has more intelligent instinct in its tip than there are brains in the craniums of an army of dudes.

Mr. Bryan says he will not seek, nor will he refuse, the Democratic nomination for President next year. Billy is a good man to vote for, and we freely admit that we rather enjoy stamping under a rooster below which are Bryan electors, even if we have every reason to believe that we are going to get the "dickens beat out" us.

Gov.-elect Willson will be inaugurated Tuesday, December 10.

Caleb Powers is again on trial, and the Louisville Herald, in its usual insane manner, is screaming "packed jury!" The cry of "packed jury" is being heralded in order to produce "grounds" for a pardon in case of conviction.

The street-car-strike in Louisville is doubtless causing the newly-elected Republican Mayor to sit up and take notice.

Henry Youtsey will ask Beckham for a pardon. He ought to also ask the man in the moon for the moon. He might need it while sneaking through the dark byways of an assassin's abode.

Walton's Kentucky State Journal is a simon-pure Democratic daily. Walton's heart is full of love for the party, and he never tires of fighting for Democratic principles. Day in and day out the editor of the State Journal "takes his pen in hand" and proceeds to give the devil his dues. We read what you have to say, brother Walton, and we enjoy it, and we wish for more. Waltonettes are better'n sorghum molasses and home-made candy combined.

We have received the "new" Campbellsville Enquirer; it is newsy, up-to-date and pretty, and we predict that it will meet with a hearty reception at the hands of the people of Taylor county. Owen McIntire is one of the best newspaper men in Kentucky, and when he gets his fine plant into his new building the people of good old Taylor will be "treated" to about the best county paper in Kentucky.

BEN JOHNSON, LEADER.

The defeat of the Democratic party at the polls on Nov. 5 will strengthen rather than weaken it. The party will go into the next battle with new leaders—with renewed determination, and will come out of the fight with victory perched high upon its banner. Four years of Republican domination in any State south of the Ohio river usually injects into the hearts of a great majority of voters enough gall to make the soul bitter, and when the opportunity again offers itself they come forth, in determined battalions, to sweeten matters by voting the Democratic ticket.

The party needs a new leader—one possessing brains, courage and the gift of leadership; a man who will deal honestly and squarely with every member of his party, be that member personal friend or personal enemy; the party needs a leader who can arouse enthusiasm—a man whom men are not afraid to follow—one who will have the confidence of the business man, the mechanic, the farmer, and the respect of all. Congressman Ben Johnson, of the Fourth district is the man. He has the gift of leadership; he has the brains, the courage and the determination. He deals honestly with all men. He has a strong personality, and men are not afraid to follow where he leads.

There is not another man in Kentucky equipped with so many qualifications of a leader as Mr. Johnson. He has a magnetism about him that draws men to him and makes friends and followers of them. He is a strong speaker—one that impresses an audience with calm, deliberate and truthful statements. His speeches are the speeches of a student. They are studied, and every utterance is weighed before it is given to the public. Thus the party would have no apologies to make for mistakes in its leader's public utterances—for inflammatory speeches.

And then the character of the man is pretty; he has a great, big, good heart in his breast. He despises deception and double-dealing; he loves truth and fair-play. In his home town he is honored and respected by every man, woman and child.

A month ago a drummer said to us: "In my rounds over Kentucky I hear a great deal of complimentary talk from prominent Democrats about your Congressman, Ben Johnson. They agree that the mantle of leadership must fall upon Mr. Johnson's shoulders; that with him as the recognized leader of the party in Kentucky the battles of Democracy will be more determinedly fought and victories more easily won."

It is not infrequently that Ben speaks to us as this drummer did. We hear it upon all sides. For many years Mr. Johnson's shrewdness as a political leader has been recognized by members of all political parties, and the effort has been made time and time again by Democrats throughout Kentucky to place the generalship of the party in his hands, but in the past he has contented himself with a place in the ranks, fighting alongside the private soldier for the principles of his party.

The ranks of the Democratic party have been broken into by our friends the enemy. The old leaders have lost much of their prestige; much of their influence with the common soldier has gone aglimmering, and while they may not be behind trees—they may not even be looking for trees to get behind—yet, in the language of Private John Allen's private friend, "the generals are stepping back'ards to 'ards the breast-works in a way that looks like they'll never have the courage to march fer'ard ag'in."

The boys are ready to close in ranks; they are ready to charge bayonets and double-quick to the front. But we must have a leader!

Mr. Ben Johnson we are looking to you! You can not refuse us; we do not believe you will refuse us; we do not believe you will want to refuse us. Come forward, buckle on the sword, give the command and you will have behind you the most powerful army of political soldiers that ever lined up for battle.

And, four years from now, if you will allow us to, we will make you Governor of old Kentucky to the tune of 40,000 majority, and you will then have the honor of being the best Governor the greatest State in the union ever had.

The Louisville Herald, in its usual venomous and malicious way, continues to malign C. C. McChord, both through its editorial and news columns. In an editorial headed, "Mr. Tarlton's Victory," printed in a recent issue of that sheet, some very unnecessary epithets are hurled at Mr. McChord. In this editorial one of Kentucky's best officials and most honored citizens is slurred in an inexcusable manner, and the Herald proves its hatred for Democratic officials—officials whose duties, indisputably,—have been well done. The editor of the Herald is a man of undoubted intelligence; he is a writer of unquestioned ability, and the public will not excuse upon the grounds of ignorance.

Had these slurs, cast at Mr. McChord, come from the pen of an individual whose mind is child-like, whose mental activity is as a creeping snail, no one would pay attention, unless to occasionally tantalize with ridicule. But the editor of the Louisville Herald proves by the product of a vicious pen that he is not a fool. He proves that he has both brains and venom, just as a serpent proves, by a display of cunningness, that it has a phenomenal instinct.

When the editor of the Herald says "Mr. McChord has made the Railroad Commissionership a stalking horse to further his ambitions for the gubernatorial chair" he utters a falsehood, pure and simple. Since Mr. McChord has been a member of the Railroad Commission he has devoted his time and energies to the performance of those duties which, in their consummation, proved beneficial to the people of Kentucky. He will retire from office 'mid the plaudits of all fair-minded Kentuckians, who delight to give credit when credit is due.

For no other reason than that he is a Democrat is Mr. McChord slandered and slurred by the malicious editor of the contemptible organ of the Republican party in Kentucky.

We suggest to our Republican friends that they redirect Kentucky like Ohio, New York, Indiana, and all other Republican States are redirected. If this is done there will be no kick-a-coming from Democrats. We will be de-lighted!

The protective tariff system is responsible for the birth and growth of the trusts of this country; it is the father of the tobacco trust, the farm machinery trust, the clothing trust, the food trust, the paper trust and all other trusts; it is the reptile that has fastened poisonous fangs into the prosperity of the farmer; it has stunted the commercial activity of a nation and has filled the coffers of plutocrats with stolen gold; it has reduced the happy homes of the toiling masses to poverty. Next year the American people will have an opportunity to place a heavy heel upon the head of the serpent and grind it to death, and if the signs of the times count for anything that is what will be done.

If Gov.-elect Augustus E. Willson believes in the innocence of Jim Howard, as his party pretends to believe in Howard's innocence, his first official act will be the issuing of a pardon to Howard, who is now serving a life sentence in the Frankfort penitentiary for the murder of Gov. Goebel.

Notice to Married Ladies.—You are hereby notified that a gentleman in Massachusetts has been granted a divorce upon the grounds that his wife broke into and robbed his trousers pockets at night, while he slept the sleep of an honest man.

"Andy" Carnegie, in a recent speech, declared that the people of America don't want to know how to get rid of the negro, but that they do want to know how to get more of 'em. Whereupon we remark that we can send him 100 carloads per day, freight prepaid, packed in ice, fresh from the incubators of the Southland.

New Grocery

...And MEAT Firm...

I have Purchased the Stock of Groceries of Mr. S. M. Campbell and will continue the business in the storeroom now occupied by Mr. Campbell.

Besides the Grocery business my father, Mr. F. T. Cox, will
Conduct an Up-to-Date MEAT MARKET
AND THE BEST OF ALL KINDS OF MEAT WILL BE SUPPLIED TO THE TRADE

A Complete and Fresh line of FAMILY GROCERIES will be found at all times in my stock and I invite the people of Springfield and Washington County to call and see me.

Ernest Cox, Springfield, Kentucky.

Permit us to say that we don't believe President Roosevelt and his policies have brought about the street-car-strike in Louisville. While the President, no doubt, made the flowers bloom, the crops grow, the hogs fatten (?)—while he made the seasons change (?) and may have caused the San Francisco earthquake, we cannot believe he is responsible for the street-car-strike.

We notice in our exchanges that Republicans are talking "contests"—legislative contests—in various sections of the State. Now, my dear brethren, of the g. o. p., did it ever occur to you that there is also "contest ammunition" in Democratic guns?

The burley growers of Scott county have signed an agreement to raise no tobacco next year.

If Mr. Roosevelt and the Republican National Administration are responsible, as is claimed, for the good times we have experienced during the past six years, then Mr. Roosevelt and the Republican National Administration are responsible for the very bad times we are now experiencing.

The Courier-Journal "demands" the defeat of Gov. Beckham for United States Senator, but the C.-J.'s outburst, like a wail in the wilderness, is answered by an echo. Can't somebody furnish a balm for which to rub the spot that Beckham soaked on Henry Watterson when that gentleman butted into the gubernatorial arena a few years ago?

One of the most valuable and precious assets of life is Friendship; it is a beacon light upon a hill, guiding the weary traveler to a haven of rest, where he finds succor for his sorrow and protection from the storm. It is a God-speed that gives him a new lease upon life and an inspiration that renews his determination to fight harder in life's weary struggle.

Look at the label on this Sun and if it indicates that you are in arrears drop in to see us when you come to town next Monday and, if convenient, leave the cash to get your paper marked up a year.

Sunday Schools.

The officers of the Washington County Sunday School Association desire very much to perfect the organization of the county.

To do this it is necessary to have a full statistical report from every Sunday school in the county. The Secretary, Miss Ella Shaunty, has sent cards for this report to each superintendent and hopes to receive an early report.

It is further necessary to hold district conventions, and elect district officers in each Magisterial district, or in central localities where the whole county will be covered.

The district conventions will be held as follows: Mackville, Sunday, Nov. 24, at 2:30 p. m., at the Christian church. Prof. Clarence Adams will conduct this meeting.

Willisburg, Sunday, Dec. 8, at 2:30 p. m., conducted by Rev. Mr. Lawson. Maud, Sunday, Dec. 1, (unless otherwise provided for) at 2:30 p. m., conducted by Miss Ella D. Shaunty.

Springfield, at an early date, perhaps Sunday, Dec. 1, conducted by Rev. Mr. Williams.

Please let the Sunday school teachers in these centers arrange to attend.

Helpful instruction will be given in this great matter of saving the children.

There will be no urgent appeal for money at these district conventions. An opportunity will be given to subscribe for the Sunday School Reporter, which is issued every month, and costs twenty-five cents a year.

Friends, help in this work and let us make our county a banner Sunday school county. R. E. C. LAWSON, County President.

BUILDING A CHINA CLOSET.

How to Make One That Saves 50 Per Cent of Breakage.

An ideal china closet is built between the dining room and kitchen, so that it can be entered unobserved when guests are at the table, says the Boston Traveler. The shelves are not more than fourteen inches wide and about nineteen inches apart. If wider than this the tendency is to pile too many dishes upon them, and they are apt to give way.

Corrugated rubber, such as is used beside kitchen sinks, is an excellent covering for the shelves and decreases the breakage of china by 50 per cent. A serviceable device for use when plates are stood on ends is to use a rope instead of a cleat to hold them and to fasten it at the corners and in the center by double-headed "screws" driven down tightly into the shelves. This being slightly yielding the plates are less apt to fall over from a sudden jar or slight blow. Heavy pieces, such as platters and vegetable dishes, should be placed on the lowest of the broad shelves, the greatest weight being brought as far as possible over the cleats.

Hooks on which cups are hung should not be screwed on the edge of the second shelf, but well underneath it. They should be tested from time to time, lest by the settling of the house and of the shelves they become loose.

The second shelf should be about three inches narrower than the one beneath it to admit of large dishes being lifted out safely. The upper shelves, unless used for large dishes, may be flush with the second. The top shelf should have a broad cleat across and around it. This is for the purpose of keeping the various odds and ends, such as are usually stored thereon, from falling over upon the dishes.

MOORESVILLE.

C. P. Goutley and wife, of Valley Hill, were guests of W. H. Yancey and family Saturday night and attended church at New Hope Sunday.

Protracted meeting begun at New Hope Baptist church Monday night. Mr. Benight will be assisted by Mr. McFarland, a State evangelist.

Miss Lydia L. Huston has returned from an extended trip to Washington.

Mrs. J. M. Wall, who has been quite ill of typhoid fever, is improving.

Mr. Ham Grigsby and wife are rejoicing over the arrival of an eleven-pound boy.

Miss Myrtle D. Croake spent several days in Louisville the first of the week. Miss Margaret Smith is ill of typhoid fever.

James Wall bought of Edward Mayfield a farm, containing seventy-one acres. Mr. Mayfield will move to his farm near Fredericktown.

W. O. Ellis and family have moved to Woodlawn. Mr. Ellis has accepted a position with the E. & N. R. R. Company as freight and ticket agent.

The Misses Virgin entertained the following at dinner Sunday: Mr. Ernest Goutley, Miss Jean Goutley, Will Gray and C. P. Goutley and wife.

Farmers!

Keep Your Feet

DRY

This Winter by Wearing



Footwear

Grundy & McIntire

Springfield, Ky.

Never Before..

In the history of our business has there been such a MAMMOTH STOCK OF MERCHANDISE shown in Springfield as we are now showing for FALL and WINTER. Our house is filled from basement up with the CHOICEST THINGS the Eastern markets afford, and we were fortunate enough to get in our orders before the heavy advances, in fact we are selling a great quantity of goods at OLD PRICES.



Cloaks.

Our stock of Ladies' Cloaks and Suits is especially large and attractive this season and will compare favorably with those of Louisville and other cities. Our styles are correct and the Prices are Lower than you can get in city for same High Class Garments.

Ladies' and Misses Suits
\$10 to \$40
Separate Skirts
\$1.50 to \$18
Ladies' Cloaks
\$3.50 to \$40
Children's and Misses Cloaks
\$1.50 to \$15



...DRESS GOODS...

Our stock of Dress Goods, Silks and Trimmings is superior to any we have ever shown. Besides showing a handsome line of Colored Dress Goods we always keep on hand an exceptionally strong line of BLACKS, in the newest weaves. Full stock of Broadcloths and serges.

...MISCELLANEOUS...

We are showing the newest fads in Ladies' Belts, Handbags, Back and side Combs, Hosiery Gloves and Neckwear. We are sole distributors of the W. B. Corsets, Flexibone Corsets, Bonton, and American Beauty Corsets. Merode Underwear and "Onyx" Hosiery. Nice assortment of Ladies' silk and satine Petticoats, silk and Lingerie Waists. Every department is loaded with good things at prices that will pay you to buy here. Give us the pleasure of showing you.

The Robertson-Claybrooke Co. INCORPORATED.

Dr. J. M. Burton,

RESIDENT DENTIST.

Teeth Extracted Without Pain.

CROWN WORK A SPECIALTY.

All Dental Work Strictly First-class. Springfield, - - Ky.
Office in Hagood-Block, up stairs.

Local News Notes.

FOR SALE.—Buggy, suitable to haul milk to creamery or other heavy articles to market. Suitable for mail wagon. Good condition. Will exchange for Corn. J. L. ALLEN.

Seaship oysters at McElroy & Shader's.

NOTICE TO HUNTERS.—Hunters are warned that my farm is posted and no one will be permitted to hunt on my premises. J. F. HEAD.

The Ladies of the Catholic Church will serve County Court day dinner on the fourth Monday in February, 1908.

FOR SALE.—Two good wagons. M. H. JONES & Co.

FARM POSTED.—My farm near Fredericktown, has been posted, and hunters are hereby warned that no hunting will be allowed. SAM PHILLIPS.

We still want your produce so come and see us. At Campbell's.

FOR SALE.—One Deering Corn Harvester, good as new. Will sell cheap. J. K. WALLS, Springfield, Ky., R. F. D. No. 2.

Don't forget we are in the corner with a full line of stoves and furniture. Get our prices before you buy. At Campbell's.

Young Men and Ladies with ambition should learn Telegraphy. Under the new 8-hour law, which goes into effect next March, over 18,000 additional Telegraphers are required by the Railroads in the United States. Positions from \$50 to \$80 per month to beginners. You can qualify in 3 or 4 months time. For full details write to the National Telegraph Institute, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Mr. Richard Riley sold to Mr. Kirk Cheatham a very fine dark bay horse last week for \$300.

Mrs. Laura Vest, Springfield, has 15 acres of corn ground to rent. Apply to W. F. Grigsby.

L. A. Burns sold to L. T. Brown his house and lot situated on main street last Saturday.

LAND POSTED.—No hunting with dog or gun on my farm on Fredericktown and Bear Wallow turnpike. F. J. PHILLIPS.

Candy 10c a pound at McElroy & Shader's.

We have only about five carloads of coal left, and those wishing to avail themselves of our low prices should order now. M. H. JONES.

WANTED.—25 or 30 head of young cattle to graze on a stalk field. Plenty water and grass. G. A. BENEDICT.

One-fourth pound chocolate candy 5c. McElroy & Shader's.

Insure in the Farmers' Home Insurance Company, the only company that pays its losses in full. J. N. Wells, General Mgr., Junction City, Ky.

NOTICE.—Dr. Rollards, having decided to leave Springfield, the firm of Rollards & Hyatt dissolved the 1st day of November. All those knowing themselves indebted to said firm will please come forward and settle by Dec 1. All unsettled accounts will be placed in hands of collector thereafter. DRS. ROLLARDS & HYATT.

I will offer for sale my farm of 254 acres, situated at Hillsboro, for thirty days. This is one of the best tobacco farms in the county, plenty of grass and water, good ten acre tobacco barn. On easy terms. For further particulars call on C. W. Stallings or B. D. LAKE.

Instruction will begin in the various branches of the business course at the Bardtown Baptist Institute on Dec. 2nd. The services of Miss Eva Taurman, formerly the head of the Department of Stenography in Massy Business College, Jacksonville, Florida, have been secured, and all who contemplate taking a business course should avail themselves of this opportunity. For further information address PRIN. W. O. VAUGHT, Bardtown, Ky.

L. A. Burns sold a tract of land containing 110 acres to John D. Burns last week. The farm is situated three miles from Springfield, known as the Gibbons farm, and is a very desirable one.

Mr. James Wall bought of Mr. E. R. Mayfield a farm, containing seventy-one acres, last Monday. The farm is located in the Mooreville section.

Quarterly communion at the Presbyterian church Sunday, Dec. 1. Preparatory services beginning Thursday night, Nov. 28, with services Friday night and Saturday morning. These services purely evangelistic. All invited. The congregation urged to attend.

The ladies of the Pleasant Grove church will give an oyster supper at the home of Judge B. L. Litsey Friday evening, Nov. 29th. All are invited to be present.

Typhoid at Mooreville.

We are sorry to report that Mrs. James Wall, of Mooreville, is ill of typhoid fever. At this time her condition is not considered dangerous, and her friends are hopeful that she will soon recover. Miss Maggie Smith, a sister of Mr. Wall, is also ill of the same disease.

New Firm.

Mr. Ernest Cox has bought the grocery business of Mr. S. M. Campbell and will continue the business at Mr. Campbell's old stand. He will also open a meat market. See his advertisement in this issue.

NOTICE TO HUNTERS.

The following gentlemen announce that their lands are posted and they forbid hunting on their premises. Parties caught hunting upon the lands of any of the undersigned will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

T. J. Skines. J. H. Mayes. G. T. Mayes. G. W. Christerson. J. M. Russell. G. W. Russell. Bob Brady. Henry Noel. S. M. Mayes. Ciel Whitehouse. P. B. Harmon. Chas. Pope. R. H. Robinson. Jake Kimbrell. G. N. Campbell. Emmet Settle. W. R. Cocanougher. W. G. Grundy. T. A. Grundy. John B. Mulican. F. M. Siewmaker. Campbell & Bottom.

[Parties desiring their names placed in this list may have it done by paying 20c a name, cash in advance.]—Ed.

LONG RUN.

On the 28th of October Bro. P. Walker, pastor, assisted by Rev. B. F. Flannery, of Kingswood, Ky., began a two weeks' meeting with the Antioch church, Mercer county. Barring three sermons, Bro. Flannery did the preaching. This was a most gracious meeting, resulting in forty-two professions, two restorations and twenty-six additions. This is the best meeting the church has had for years and resulted in untold good to the church and community. Bro. Flannery is so kind and charitable that he at once becomes a very congenial friend, and as this is the third meeting he has held in our community the evangelist has made many friends. To cap the climax the church and people made Bro. and Sister Walker's hearts glad by a liberal donation, which was greatly appreciated. Feeling called to preach, Willie Best, a member of this church, has bought a house and small farm at Kingswood, Breckenridge county, where he expects to move in the near future and prepare for the ministry by attending school. We so often underestimate the power and influence of a protracted meeting, where Christ is held up, the sinner's Savior and friend, the burden-bearer's as well. Then, too, there are so many tired, weary pilgrims strengthened, and so many burdens removed, and broken hearts healed, and religious enthusiasm and zeal put in motion, which is overlooked and therefore not reckoned, for in this material age we are apt to see only visible results. So we want to say to our ministerial brethren go and as you go preach, and tell the people of the world's only Savior from sin, and rest assured the laity is at your side holding up your hands.

We recently spent a very pleasant night with our friend, Mr. Green Nichols, who lives near the Boyle line, but on the Washington side. He has very good health and is one of our oldest and best citizens, and has that old fashion hospitality for which our county is famous. He was born near Perryville, where Mr. Maroon Carpenter now lives, July 20, 1834; his father, John Nichols, at an early day came from Virginia to Kentucky and responded to the call of his country and was one of the 2,000 militia, who rowed down the Ohio in flat boats to New Orleans, but only about 1,300 of these men were actually engaged. On the 8th of January, 1815, under Captain Smith, he fought in the memorable battle of New Orleans. After the engagement he, with the rest of those hardy Kentuckians, walked home. Those brave pioneers in that battle were commended by Brigadier General John Adair, of Kentucky, and it is not generally known that Sir Edward Pakenham, the British commander, was a brother-in-law to Wellington. In 1842 he bought the farm our friend now owns at \$2.50 per acre, the country from the Boyle line to Long Run at that time was almost an unbroken wilderness. The good housewife has a five-gallon gourd that was raised in '68, which she uses as a sugar gourd, though mother tells of one that belonged to an old aunt that held six gallons.

Mrs. Mattie A. Helton (nee Rigdon), of Springfield, Ky., and her sister, Mrs. Maggie J. Keneda, of Russellville, Ind., recently visited their relatives and friends in this community. They used to be our neighbors and, of course, we were all glad to see them. They also visited their old home. Ah! me, how the hand of time and man had changed things; the house had been torn away and almost everything gone, but some of the old apple trees and the well. They remembered so many incidents that happened in their girlhood days. Everything had changed but the ladies, and of course, they never do. They left wishing they had more time to spend around this sacred place.

Mrs. Zilpah Stanton visited her aunt, Mrs. Sarah Coyle, Saturday.

Mrs. Gracie Cocanougher and daughter, little Miss Kate, were guests of Mrs. Katie Coyle Saturday.

Mr. Richard Best and wife, of Stevarts, visited the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Coyle, Saturday night and Sunday.

Mr. John Cocanougher and family spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Goodie.

Mr. M. D. L. Cocanougher and his mother visited Mr. Woodson Reynolds and family Sunday.

Mr. Newton Bradley will conduct the prayer meeting at Berea Grove Tuesday night. His subject will be Love. Everybody come and bring your bible and read a verse from this subject.

Bird Hunting in Garrard.

Messrs. Joe Pettus and Theo. Campbell are at Mr. Pettus' old home in Garrard county on a bird-hunting expedition, having left Springfield last week. They were joined by Rev. W. H. Williams Monday. These gentlemen are "hot shots," and there is no telling what will happen in Garrard county.

Subscribe for The Sun. \$1.00 year. Subscribe for The Sun. \$1.00 year.

Personal Notes.

Visitors In and Out of Town.—A Round Up of the Week's Personal News.

—Miss Viola Brown has returned home from a visit to friends in Bloomfield.

—Mrs. C. W. Stallings was in Louisville Tuesday.

—Miss Ethel McClasky, of Bloomfield, is visiting relatives here.

—Dr. J. C. Mudd was in Louisville the first of the week on business.

—Miss Mary Haydon returned home Sunday night, after a several days' visit to relatives in Bardstown.

—Mrs. Katie Williams was in Louisville a few days this week.

—Mrs. T. S. Mayes spent several days in Louisville this week.

—Miss Anna J. Simms spent several days in Bardstown last week.

—Mrs. J. F. Pettus is visiting Mr. Pettus' mother in Garrard county.

—Mr. H. M. Grundy spent Sunday in Fairfield.

—A little child of Mr. and Mrs. Ed Bobbitt is ill of typhoid fever.

—Mr. L. H. Bellebaum, who has been confined to his bed of typhoid fever, is reported better.

—Mrs. Thos. O'Bryan, who is ill of typhoid fever, is improving.

—Mr. H. M. Moss was in Louisville last week on business.

—Miss Margarite 'palding was the guest of Mrs. R. H. Edelen, of Bardstown, last week.

—Dr. J. B. RoBards was in Harrodsburg last week.

—Mrs. G. F. Carpenter, of Louisville, is visiting relatives here.

—Mrs. Tom Spalding and children, of Bardstown, are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Haydon.

—Mrs. Leck Tong is in Lebanon at the Elizabeth Infirmary, where she will undergo an operation.

—Mr. Wathen Simms was in Bardstown Tuesday.

—Prof. Cotton Noe, of Lexington, was called here by the death of his mother, Mrs. John Noe.

—Dr. Richard RoBards left last week for Hendersonville, N. C., to spend the winter on account of bad health.

—Mrs. Dudley Wells, of Lebanon, spent several days here the latter part of last week.

—Marshall John Grace was in Bardstown the first of the week.

—Miss Nannie Thompson is visiting relatives in Louisville.

—Miss Myrtle Price is the guest of Miss Stoker, of Bardstown.

—Mr. Neal Bobbitt was in Bloomfield a few days last week.

—Messrs. Annie McChord, Sallie McElroy and Lydia Duncan spent Saturday in Lebanon.

—Mrs. T. C. Campbell was in Louisville last week.

—Mr. Will F. Simms attended the fox hunt in Bardstown last week.

—Miss Prudie Blanford will attend the Blanford-Adams wedding in Louisville Thursday, Nov. 28.

—Messrs. T. C. Campbell and Joe Pettus spent last week at Crab Orchard on a hunting trip.

—Miss Nellie Simms, who attends school at Nazareth, spent Saturday and Sunday at home.

Clearance Sale Of

Millinery

Ready-to-Wears and Trimmed Hats that sold from \$1.00 to \$2.50 your choice for

50c and \$1.00

INCLUDING HATS AND CAPS

25c and 50c

All good Trimmed Goods at HALF PRICE. All must be sold. Come in and see them.

WILLIAMS MILLINERY.

Christmas GOODS

I have a few sample covers for Pillows and a few Table Covers for Christmas. They are beautiful designs and will be sold at low prices.

Hats at Cost For Cash

For the next week or ten days I will offer a nice line of the newest style hats at Cost.

Miss Willie Knott.

—Miss Rebecca McElroy, of Lebanon, spent a few days here last week.

—Mrs. Lizzie Durrett attended the Troutman-Durrett wedding in Bloomfield Tuesday.

—The many friends of Mr. D. A. Sweeney, who formerly resided at this place, but now of Danville, are sorry to learn that he is very low with typhoid fever.

—Miss Ethel Simms, of Elizabethtown, is visiting her cousin, Miss Mayne Knott.

—Mrs. Joseph Claybrooke has returned from a visit to her mother at Bardstown.

—Miss Willie Knott was in Louisville this week buying millinery goods.

—Mr. Ed Bellebaum, of Winchester, is here to take his brother's place in the Red Cross drug store, during the illness of the latter.

—Mrs. L. M. Gore, after a visit of several days to Mr. and Mrs. Rogers Gore and children, returned last Friday to her home in Hodgenville.

—Mr. Morias Hansbrough, Jr., after a several weeks' sojourn in Springfield as news-editor of The Sun, left Thursday for Hodgenville where he will be temporarily connected with the LaRue County Herald.

—Mrs. W. K. Marks and Miss Lizzie Hoskins will attend a meeting of the Woman's Home Mission Society of the Methodist church at Lebanon Junction next Saturday. Mrs. Marks and Miss Hoskins will represent the Methodist church at this place.

—Hon. W. D. Claybrooke is in Louisville attending the State development convention. From there he will go to Alabama, where he will remain until December 1.

To Marry Next Wednesday.

As previously announced in The Sun the marriage of Miss Lydia Thomas Duncan to Mr. Alexander Lewis Jenkins, will occur at the home of the bride's parents here next Wednesday at 12 o'clock noon, November 27. Miss Duncan is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Duncan, is one of Springfield's most charming young women. Mr. Jenkins is a Professor in the University of Cincinnati, and is one of that city's most prominent educators.

Washington County Marriages.

Mr. Clyde Goutley and Miss Bessie Drury, of Polin, this county, were married at the home of the bride's parents last week, Rev. J. A. Sims performing the ceremony, and Mr. Lloyd Lay and Miss Lola Gardner were married at the home of the bride's parents, near Cardwell, by Rev. J. H. Macon. Both couples are well and favorably known in their respective communities, and are congratulated by many friends.

Marion County.

Falcon: The seven-months-old son of Mr. and Mrs. John Minor died Tuesday of bronchial pneumonia.

Mr. James Thomas, age about 70 years, died Sunday morning at his home in the Holy Cross vicinity after a brief illness of pneumonia.

The Glen Lily Bowling team, of Springfield, played a match game at the Recreation alleys here Tuesday night against Barker's Kittens, in which the latter won three straight games by decidedly the largest scores. The same teams will meet again tonight at Springfield.

The Miracle of the Pelargonium.

By INA WRIGHT HANSON.

Copyright, 1907, by M. M. Cunningham.

We were at the Big Tree grove, little eastern bred Muriel, with pelargonium at her slender waist, and I, a western writer. We had wandered through the inner grove, where the most mighty monarchs are the Giant, General Sherman, Jumbo, the Sisters and others. We had reveled at the contrasts between trees 300 feet high and the cream cups and other sweet spring flowers nestling at their feet. Then we had gone through the gates into the outer forest and were sitting at the river's edge at the end of the



"THE MIRACLE OF THE PELARGONIUM!"

swinging bridge. The rest of the party stayed away. We were to have this little goodby hour apart.

"The Giant is 35 feet in circumference, 304 feet high and is estimated to be 3,000 years old," chanted Muriel in the words of the guide. "Or was it 5,000? Three thousand or 5,000? Oh, dear! Must I always refer to my notebook? Can I tell nothing without always referring to my notebook?" she demanded wildly.

I took the notebook from her. "Your lips were not made for facts, dry as dust. They were made for—"

I had intended to say for poetry and romance. I truly had, but chance took to those lips, so red, so daintily curved, so wondrously alluring, I said "kisses," and I proved my assertion. No man could have helped it.

Of course she was very angry. I suppose I would not have had her otherwise, but she did not spring to her feet and run from me.

"I will not apologize for you know I want you so, Muriel," I pleaded.

She regarded me scornfully.

"As I have told you before, I will not mate with a dreamer. Why do you not go into the world and do some mighty work? Everybody!"

"Everybody works but father?" I interrupted politely.

Even with my heart sore I could never help laughing at Muriel and her fine talk of workers—little dainty wisp of a creature, born to be worshipped and cared for, but talking so serious a view of life!

"Would you have me a hoddarier?" I asked. "As I am, I dream, and my dream makes a book, and the book brings some dollars, and the dollars make several things possible. If I were a hoddarier it would mean simply dollars, though perhaps fewer of them. So the result is approximately the same, and you have no idea how much pleasanter it is to dream than to carry bricks!"

"You are a trifle," she declared. "You ought to write a book which will make the world better."

"I am quite sure my books never hurt anybody's morals or manners," I insisted gently.

"Only a negative virtue," she responded. "The man I marry must be positive. He must look!"

She hesitated, gazing down at her Lady Washington flowers, which she had taken from her belt.

"How?" I asked, with some interest. "I don't deny that I should be willing that he should look like you," she admitted, a fine coloring coming into her cheeks. "If only you would do something to make the world better."

My mood had changed. I would plead no longer with this child. My mind went to the packet of letters I counted as among my treasures. They had come from different parts of the country after my first book had been launched. According to these, my mission was not a failure—my book, though a simple one, had made better at least a part of the world, but I would not tell Muriel this. I would not try to influence her in the least. I arose and held out my hand. In the distance the train was whistling.

"One thing remember, dear child," I said gravely, "and that is that love blazes its own paths and cuts its own channels. If it be written that you are for me, you will marry me in good time. Love brooks no interference in his realm."

Her cheeks stormed into color as I helped her to her feet.

"Do you see this Lady Washington?" she demanded, holding the pelargonium before me. "See, I lay it in the hollow of this little big tree. There is dirt in the hollow, and the pelargonium may grow. Coming again, I may find that it has taken root. So may I become your wife. The one is as possible as the other."

So Muriel went back to the east with her schemes of philanthropy, and I stayed in my west to dream and then to write, but I found that dreaming and grown to be a weary task when the most beautiful one of them all was a forbidden one, for I had lost faith in my own brave avowal of love's omnipotence.

Nearly a year had gone before I visited the Big Tree grove again. I went alone and took my solitary way to the river where I had said goodby to my dream of dreams. A furious storm had wrought some havoc there. Two or three of the lesser trees had fallen, and the swinging bridge had been twisted and broken and thrown upon the bank, while the swollen river raged angrily by it.

At last I turned away from my sad retrospection. My eyes caught a glimpse of blue in the distance, and somehow I thought of Muriel's dress as it looked on that other day when she had not been kind. But just then I was joined by the guide, who was quite a friend of mine. He had discovered a new plant and was naturally quite enthusiastic over it, so I went into the inner grove to view the discovery. After I had left him I still had a half hour before train time, so I went back to the broken bridge.

Again were my eyes caught by the glimpse of blue, and I saw that a woman was kneeling before one of the little big trees.

"Back to her oak the bashful dryads shrink," I murmured. "If oaks could have dryads, why not redwoods?" I asked myself. But when she turned her head and looked at me I started toward her.

"Muriel!" I cried, yet still half believing that it was a beautiful vision.

But she sprang to her feet, her white face going pink and her tear wet eyes holding a sweetness I had never seen before. She pointed toward the hollow of the tree.

"Look, Arnold, the miracle of the pelargonium!"

There, in the little sifting of dirt, grew the Lady Washington, not very sturdily, but still it had rooted and was alive. Her words came back to me.

"I might leave this flower here and, coming again, find that it had taken root. So might I become your wife. The one is as possible as the other."

I held my arms, she hesitated, and her color deepened.

"Don't think me bold, Arnold. I didn't come seeking you. My mother is not well, and I came with her. I came—"

"You came because the love god sent you sweetheart?" I finished for her.

"Now, come the rest of the way to the arms which may never let you go again."

Shy in her love, pulsing with life, glowing with happiness, she came to me. My dream came true.

"The east and the west are met together," I said. "Now I think I can write the book which will make the world better."

"Don't begin it just yet," she whispered, with her soft cheek against mine. "Let the world wait till you have loved me awhile."

Short Names.

An English clergyman, Dr. Frederick Lee, had a prejudice against a long string of Christian names and held that if such names were proposed the clergyman should after them at baptism whether the parents were willing or not. It was said of him that he christened all the boys Frederick after himself and all the girls Mary after the Virgin. The author of "The Life of Walter Pater" gives Dr. Lee's method of christening as follows:

"Name this child," he would say in his authoritative voice.

"Archibald Johnstoneley Constantine Ferdinand," perhaps the mother would whisper.

"Frederick," she would hear, to her amazement, and then would follow the formula of baptism.

In the vestry of course there would be objection.

"This child," Dr. Lee would reply, "will have to get his living in the world, and what do you want to hand him the name of Archibald Campbell Chalmersley and all the rest of them for? Anyhow, it's done now and can't be altered."

Better Unknown.

Into the yard of the great factory crept the ragged urchin, while the owner of the establishment watched him from the doorway.

Presently the urchin bent down and picked up a piece of string. This moved the heart of the merchant prince, and he stepped forward.

"My lad," he said, "I have a vacancy for an office boy at 10 shillings a week. For I sure you will be a job, careful boy. I saw you pick up that string, and a boy who is careful in little things will be careful in big things. Is it bargain?"

It was, but as the urchin sped home to tell his mother about his good fortune he mused and thought:

"If he only knew that I picked up that string to fix a tin to his dog's tail!"—London Tit-Bits.

STONEWALL JACKSON

Stories of the Intrepid Confederate Commander.

WHEN HE BLUSHED AND FLED

His Retreat in Disarray From an Army of Admiring Women—The Only Man Who Could Put the General to Sleep. His Heroic Reply to Lee.

Among many other incidents in the career of General Stonewall Jackson, a writer in the Sunday Magazine tells of an occasion when the intrepid commander was entirely routed by the enemy—an army of admiring women who clamored about him to secure buttons from his coat, locks of hair or other souvenirs. As he backed, blushing, away he declared, "Really, ladies, this is the first time I was ever surrounded by the enemy!" And in confusion and dismay he made good his retreat. Of the other stories told of the general we quote a few:

He was never an ornamental soldier, being roughly clad and so plain as to be frequently taken for far less than he was. He and his staff were once compelled to ride through a field of mud. The owner rushed out in great indignation, demanding the name of the leader that he might report him.

"My name is Jackson," replied the general.

"What Jackson?" asked the irate farmer.

"General Jackson."

"You don't mean to tell me that you are the famous Stonewall Jackson?" the farmer asked.

"That's what they call me."

The farmer took off his hat with great reverence and said: "General Jackson, ride over my whole field. Do what you like with it, sir."

He was a man of unusual religious devotion, but would always go to sleep in church. Perhaps it was because the church service was the only thing he could depend upon to go right along if he did not keep awake to watch it. His friends said that it was because of weakness coming from his exertions in the Mexican war. When he was teaching at the institute he was ill, and all efforts failed to secure for him a night's rest. One of his friends in attendance suggested that the Rev. Dr. White be called in, as he was the only one who was ever able to put Jackson to sleep. In spite of this defection, however, Dr. White and his famous parishioner were fast friends to the end.

One man said of him that he always marched at daylight, except when he started the night before. The celerity of his movements gave his division the name of "Jackson's foot cavalry." One of his men said:

"When the Lord forty years to get the Israelites through the wilderness, with manna furnished all the way, but Old Jackson would have double quickened it through on half rations in three days at the most."

Military leaders have usually approved the policy of subsisting on the enemy's country, but it was left for Stonewall Jackson to make the enemy himself the purveyor of supplies. The federal General Banks became known as "the commissary general" when his column was sent to turn out into the valley the reports would go out, "Lee is out of rations again and has sent Jackson to call on his commissary general."

Jackson was like flint—cold, impassive, still, indignant of peace. But in the sharp, swift stroke of military necessity the spark of his genius drew out and burst into flame that swept away all obstacles. When General Ewell

was asked what he thought of Jackson's generalship in the valley campaign he replied:

"When he began it I thought him crazy. Before he got through I thought him inspired."

Before the end of the campaign Jackson had his men brought into a swift like his own. The division reached a deep stream where the bridge had been burned. He sent for an engineer corps and also for some carpenters among his own engineers. The engineers set to work to prepare plans, but two hours later the head carpenter appeared and reported, "The bridge is finished, general, and we can go on, but then air picture's ain't come yet."

All was as excepted. He never failed to invoke the Prince of Peace to preside over his battle. Old Jim, his faithful servant, said:

"De genral is de greatest man for prayin' nigh an' mornin' an' all times. But when a soldier get up, and all times in de night besides an' start in prayin' I knows dar's gwine ter be sempin' up, an' I go straight an' pack his haversack, 'cause I know he'll be callin' ter 'er for daylight."

It was fitting that he who found his life on the battlefield should find there the entrance into immortal life, but in the agony of loss Lee exclaimed, "Any victory would be dear at such a price!"

The wounded general he wrote, "Could I have ordered every I would have chosen for the good of the country to have been disabled in your stead."

Jackson replied to the leader, who he had declared was the only man whom he would follow blindfold, "Better that ten Jacksons should fall than you."

Some one has said that the Lord in his providence intended that the Confederacy should win, and to prevent it he had to remove Jackson.

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The first man who succeeded in making a useful chain cable was Robert Filin, and he experimented with it in 1808 in a small ship named the Anne and Isabella, of 300 tons, burden. His cable was made of very short links, with no stay pins or studs, says the London Globe, but it served its purpose and was, moreover, favorably reported upon by some of the progressive seamen of the time.

At about the same period a lieutenant in the navy named Samuel Brown was also experimenting with chain cables made of twisted links, and this when it was duly patented he brought to the attention of the navy board.

After much discussion it was decided to give Lieutenant Brown the command of a sailing vessel, the Penelope, and send him on a voyage to Martinique and Guadeloupe. At his own expense he was to supply chain cables for the ship, and they were to be experimented with on the voyage. During the four months the ship was with the new cables were given a thorough trial and proved quite satisfactory.

When Brown made his report a committee was appointed to advise as to the adoption of the chain cable in place of the hempen, and as a result the new cable was gradually introduced into men-of-war. Between 1810 and 1811 the first chain cables were served out to the ships, but the full complement of hempen ropes was still retained.

The system remained in force until 1844, when the number of hempen cables was reduced to three, and in 1847 a further change was ordered, two hempen cables only being retained as principal mooring tackle.

During the Russian war the superiority of chain cables was amply demonstrated on many occasions. The vessels were exposed to the gales and hurricanes of the Baltic and the Black sea, whereas the men-of-war with their chains were able to keep their moorings in the roughest weather many of the merchantmen transports, fitted only with hempen ropes, broke away and met with disaster. And so an ancient industry, one which in early days was almost a monopoly in Dorsetshire, was placed infinitely in a secondary rank.

No act of parliament such as that of Henry VIII. ordaining that "no person but the inhabitants only shall make cables" could bring back the prosperity to Bridport which that town had enjoyed in the earliest days of England's naval glory. A modern battleship carries four main cables and anchors, each costing about £1,200. This gives her a total of 450 fathoms of chain cable.—London Globe.

The Alpine Good Night.

Among the lofty mountains and elevated valleys of Switzerland the Alpine horn has another use besides that of sounding the far famed "Ranz des Vaches," or cow song, and this is of a very solemn and impressive nature.

When the sun has set in the valley and the snows of the mountains are gleaming with golden light the herdsman who dwells upon the highest habitable spot takes his horn and pronounces clearly and loudly through it, as though a speaking trumpet, "Praise be to God!"

As soon as the sound is heard by the neighboring herdsman they issue from their huts, take their Alpine horns and repeat the same words. This frequently lasts a quarter of an hour, and the call resounds from all the mountains and rocky cliffs

around. When silence again reigns the herdsman kneels and pray with uncovered head. Meantime it has become quite dark. "Good night!" at last calls the highest herdsman through his horn. The words resound from all the mountains, the horns of the herdsman and the cliffs, and the mountaineers then retire to their dwellings.

Charlie Remembered Her Well.

A young woman of social prominence and respectability was to unite with the church in her home town and desired the ordinance of baptism by immersion in the river. Among the number that gathered to witness the baptism was a little boy's friend, Charlie, about four years old. The proceedings were entirely new to the child, and he looked on with strange curiosity as the candidate was led into the river. The spring freshets had made the river somewhat turbulent, and it was with difficulty that the minister maintained his footing. During the following week the young woman called at the home of his family and after the usual greetings said to the little boy as she extended her hand:

"Come here, Charlie, and see me. You do not know who I am, do you?" she continued.

"Yes, indeed, I do," said the boy. "You is that woman that went in swimmin' with the minister on Sunday."—Judge's Library.

A Canny Scot.

A Scotch cobbler, described on the police books as a "notorious offender," was sentenced by a Forfar magistrate to pay a fine of half a crown, or, in default, twenty-four hours' hard labor. If he chose the latter he would be taken to the jail at Perth. "Then I'll go to Perth," he said, "for I have some business there. An official conveyed him to Perth, but when the cobbler reached the jail he said he would pay the fine. The governor found he would have to take it. 'And now,' said the cobbler, 'I want my fare home.' The governor demurred, but discovered there was no alternative. The prisoner must be sent at the public expense to the place he had been brought from. So the canny Scot got the 2s. 6d., which represented his fare, did his business and went home triumphant—twelve halfpennies and a railway ride the better for his offense.—Scottish American.

The Baker's Dozen.

The term "baker's dozen" is much older than the seventeenth century. It took its origin, doubtless in mediæval times, when bakers sold their bread solely or largely through hawkers, or, as we should say today, hawkers. It was the custom of the baker in dealing with the hawker to count thirteen loaves of bread to the dozen. The odd loaf was apparently the hawker's sole profit.

How ancient was this practice may be gathered from the "Liber Albus," or white book of the city of London, which contains regulations for the regulation of commercial morality in mediæval London. Here is laid down: "That no baker of the town shall give unto regraters the sixpence on Monday morning by way of hawser-money; but after we recent manner, let him give thirteen articles of bread for twelve."

The practice of giving thirteen to the dozen has since invaded many other callings, such as the book and newspaper trade, but the ancient trade of the baker was justly claim to have the phrase which will live as long as the English language.—London Mail.

Wonderful Eczema Cure.

"Our little boy had eczema for five years," writes N. A. Adams, Henrietta, Pa. "Two of the home doctors said the case was hopeless, his lungs being affected. We then employed other doctors, but no benefit resulted. By chance we read about Electric Bitters; bought a bottle and soon noticed improvement. We continued this medicine until several bottles were used, when our boy was completely cured." Best of all blood medicines and body building health tonics. Guaranteed at Hayden & Robertson's drug store, 50c.

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Two In One.

I met Esther Norman at the Springs. There was a certain sadness of expression about her that drew me to her. Had she not been very young—she was twenty—I think it probable that her face would have borne the impress of suffering. As it was, she looked like one who had suffered, but whose features, having the softness, the pliancy of youth, did not harden upon the seal.

I liked to be with Miss Norman best when she was active for then she seemed to forget herself and be what she really was. Or was she then what she was not? I could not decide. What puzzled me was that, though she was one of the best appearing young ladies in the house and it depended only on her whether or no she should be a belle, she seemed indifferent to attention, or, rather, the attention she received seemed to inspire in her no enthusiasm. There is a delicate distinction in this which it is difficult to make plain.

We had been together at the Springs for a month when one day while we were on the lake I began to make love to her. I had no intention of doing it when I began. I fell into it. I was pulling the boat, she sitting facing me in the stern. As I proceeded she turned aside and let her hand hang in the water. She made no reply to anything I said, but presently I saw tears dropping my oars. I placed myself in a half sitting, half kneeling posture, took the hand that lay on her lap and said:

"This is not the way to receive words such as I am speaking to you. I should be either with indifference or smiles. Tell me—explain—"

Then the tears came in a torrent. She drew away her hand and bowed her head in both hands, sobbing as though her heart would break. In vain I implored her to tell me the cause of an emotion so strange under the circumstances. I asked her if she could not respond to the love I had spoken. She was mute. Then she raised her face, asking me with an imploring look to listen. I went back to my oars and in silence rowed to the landing.

We walked toward the hotel through a wooded path. Midway she stopped and faced me. "Don't love me," she said with intense eagerness, "unless you are willing to love death in life. One had better love a corpse than me. A corpse is dead in all respects; I am not. She who was dead, and I remained. She was as innocent as a babe; I am not, for there are times when I would curse God and die. She and I are twins, yet one is pure, while the other hates a world sent spinning,

ART OF TELEPHONING.

How to Speak into the Transmitter to Get Good Results.

The art of telephoning is still an accomplishment that few people regard as a necessary part of their education, says the Brooklyn Eagle. The way to use the transmitter is to place the lips within half an inch of the mouth-piece and speak in a considerably lower tone than you ordinarily use in face to face conversation.

The reason for this is simple. Just behind the mouthpiece is an aluminum diaphragm, backed with a very thin sheet of hard carbon. Between this sheet of carbon and the point of contact of the wires is a space filled with finely powdered carbon.

The sound waves of the voice make the aluminum diaphragm vibrate, and this in turn affects the carbon sheet, which stirs the granulated carbon behind it.

The electrical current that is passing through the carbon powder feels all these vibrations, however slight, and reproduces them in the receiver and the other end of the line, setting in motion sound waves corresponding to those in the transmitter.

If you shout at the transmitter, the vibrations may be so violent as to result in only a confusing jumble at the other end of the wire. Besides, loud talking through a telephone is distressing to the listener, who, you must remember, gets the full volume of sound very close to his ear.

If you hear a telephone man talking by wire, you will notice that he draws his words a little—not enough to make conversation noticeably slow, but sufficiently so that one word is started on its way before another can tread on its heels.

Clipping words, which is sometimes done under the impression that it gives them a sharper sound, is a mistake. Even for talking over considerable distances the voice should be lowered in telephone conversations.

How to Provide an Old Style Dinner.

Let salads and other frippery that are more to look at and use strength upon be left out of the menu for the Christmas dinner. The very thought of the Christmas dinner brings before the inner vision the lordly turkey, the big chicken pie, the squash and turnips in yellow mounds, the snowy pile of mashed potatoes, the delicious cauliflower, with a roast of beef, leg of lamb or boiled ham "on the side" and no end of delicious little relishes, all placed within reach as in the olden days. Have no soups, but if one must really conform a little let there be three or four small oysters to precede the main course. One wants to eat all he possibly can of turkey on that great day, and if he gets that he has no use for the little finicky entrees and hors d'oeuvres. When this good, satisfying and old fashioned dinner of meats and vegetables is served, the aching void there are a straightening of the body, a satisfied smile on the face and an air of gentle expectancy awaiting the advent of the blazing plum pudding, with its bit of holly, and the pies. There are—pumpkin, cranberry and mince—abundant coffee and fruit for such as have room for it, nuts and fancy bonbons, preserved ginger and perhaps tutti frutti cream, but after the mince pie all else is superfluous. For drink at this old fashioned dinner those who think that good water is not enough there may be grape juice or sweet cider. Children should be encouraged to eat more of the meats and less of the pies. If each could have a generous piece of turkey, a small piece of ham after dinner it would help digestion, and it would not come amiss to the big folks either, although if the dinner as here planned is rightly cooked no one should suffer.

How to Polish Steel Buckles.

To clean tarnished steel shoe buckles try rubbing them with emery powder. Cut steel may be brightened by shaking it in a bag of emery powder and rubbing it between the hands until the rust disappears. Then polish it with a soft chamois skin or dry cloth. Silver tarnishes so rapidly at the seaside that silver toilet accessories are better left at home unless they are lacquered. Even then they become smoky. The plain celluloid brushes are more satisfactory for traveling, nor are they so easily bent when packed. They are also more easily replaced when lost. A completely equipped traveling case is one of the nicest possible gifts for any one who is going on a long tour. Space and durability must be considered when preparing for a long tour.

How to Make Brown Sauce.

Maybe you will have roast pig for the Christmas dinner, and if so, you will want some delicious sauce. After the pig has been taken from the dripping pan pour off any excess of the grease, set back on the range and into it pour a half pint of water. Add a tablespoonful and a half of flour. When a good brown turn in boiling water from the teakettle to make the consistency required. Stir constantly with the back of the spoon until the sauce is smooth and velvety. Salt and pepper to taste, add a tablespoonful of kitchen bouquet for added richness in color and flavor and send to the table in a sauce boat.

How to Add Spices to a Closet.

An inexpensive skirt hanger and one on which six skirts may be hung is a small board, half an inch thick, six inches wide and a foot long. About an inch from each end drive six nails an inch apart. Hang the skirts as you would when wearing and hang by loops on nails. This not only saves room, but prevents skirts from wrinkling at the top, as when loops are placed together and hung on the nail.

HAROLD OTIS.

A Hypothetical Case.

[Copyright, 1907, by P. C. Eastment.]

Lawyer Taylor read all sorts and kinds of clients come and go and was not surprised on this particular July afternoon when a well dressed and respectable looking stranger called and laid a hundred dollar bill on his desk and observed that he had two or three hypothetical questions to ask. He was told to go ahead, and he lighted a cigar and said:

"You are to take it that when a certain man who is now about forty years old (that appeared to be about his age) was a lad of ten he in his innocence attempted to pick up the hind foot of a mule. The mule resented the familiarity and kicked the boy in the head. From that date a change was observed in the boy. He seemed unable to distinguish between articles belonging to himself and to others, and by and by this became a fixed habit with him. In other words, you might say that he became a thief. Do you think that a jury could be made to understand that concussion of the brain sometimes acts this way?"

"I haven't a doubt of it. I am sure that I could also get two or three doctors to testify to that effect."

"As the youth grows up he is all right morally except on that one point. He never is dishonest with the property of other people's property and converting it to his own use. He becomes a thief, burglar and confidence man. It was the kick that did it all. But for that kick he must have grown up to be a Sunday school superintendent. Do you think the jury could be made to see it in this light?"

"Without the slightest doubt, sir. A jury can be made to see anything in any light if properly presented," replied the lawyer.

"Well, on a recent occasion—I need not say just how recent—this person who had been kicked when a boy entered a fine mansion in the suburbs of a city after plunder. He overcame and bound the coachman and the gardener. He locked the wife of the owner up in a closet. He shut the cook and parlor maid down cellar. It was in the afternoon and he had possession of the house for two hours. A woman was drunk up by confidence and loaded with the silver, rugs, paintings and bric-a-brac, the choicest of everything, and at length the nifty man took his departure, leaving the people still bound and still shut up. Now, then, taking that kick into consideration, would you call that a robbery or simply the eccentric action of a man whose brain was affected?"

"A man whose brain is affected cannot be held guilty in law of any crime," promptly responded the lawyer, "but the disposition of the goods might have some effect on the minds of the jury."

"I think that would be a strong point in the defense. A sane man would try to dispose of them as soon as possible, wouldn't he?"

"Naturally. Yes, he would wish to realize on them at once and get them off his hands."

"But suppose that this man didn't. Suppose he deliberately and those goods driven along a broad highway for a distance of twenty-five miles and then across the border into Canada. Would that show the cunning of a madman?"

"Naturally. I could convince the jury on that point in five minutes." "The fact that this man knew that there was no extradition treaty with Canada covering the case ought to convince an average jury that he is insane," asked the stranger. "No one but a lawyer is supposed to know such things. That he knew and acted on it is in his favor, I take it."

"I should try to make the jury think so," said the lawyer. "If things are properly presented to a jury, it's perfectly wonderful what you can make them believe. I may say without egotism that there is where so many lawyers are lame and where I am so strong. Is that all of the case?"

"Almost. The man cannot be disturbed now, can he?" "Not in the least. There is no treaty covering household goods. If it was made, it would be a farce. And there is a point I wish to be clear on. Isn't there a difference in law between a check and a certain sum of money?"

"There must be." "To make it plainer, Mr. Attorney, this hypothetical man, who robs a hypothetical house and shuts a hypothetical woman in a closet compels her to give him a check for a thousand dollars, she having money of her own in the bank. You can't call a check money, because it may not be cashed. He gets it cashed, but it is not money he took from the woman. He took a piece of paper from her. Do you follow?"

"Certainly, and I guarantee to make any jury see it that way. You should have been a member of the profession."

"That was all, and the stranger rose and shook hands and departed. Mr. Taylor was detained that evening an hour or so behind his usual time. When he finally reached home and untied his servants and let his wife out of the closet and telephoned for the police it was 10 o'clock, but he was not at all sleepy. He was too busy figuring up his loss, giving a description of his caller and offering a reward for his capture. The man was traced to Canada, but he wasn't extradited, and in fact he was ill bred enough to laugh in the faces of the detectives. Mr. Taylor is still considered a very smart lawyer, but there are times when he admits to himself that he isn't."

M. QUAD.

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This is a hard world in business. It always has been and always will be. There are many good and generous men in it. There are many who will lend a helping hand to you in your adversity, but in the time of need you will find them among the men who tried to get you to embark in speculation with your little savings and to sell you something which would help you to "easy money." Be self-reliant. Make your own investigation in investments. When you cannot put your money in a good savings bank. Distrust the financial demagogue as you distrust the political demagogue. Keep your hand on your pocketbook as you travel through life, first, to give always in proportion to your means to those who are poorer; second, to hold from those who would take through force or fraud what you need for yourself and yours. You will then, writes Charles G. Dawes in the Saturday Evening Post, have your hand where most of the other fellows have, only their eyes. In this alone you will have the advantage of them.

How to Preserve Shoes.

An excellent preservative of shoe leather is vaseline. If a small quantity be applied to new shoes it will soften the leather, and if emmealed leather will keep it soft much longer than ordinarily and render it less liable to crack, says the New York Globe. If worn shoes are cleaned and blackened as often as possible, the leather will retain its appearance and wearing qualities will be much improved. Have a box of oiled hanks when the shoes are taken off, remove all mud and dirt, lace or button them, fill half full with oil and stuff the tops with crumpled paper. When necessary to wear the shoes, empty them and they will be found to have kept their shape and will not be drawn if they were in the "least damp when taken off."

How to Clean White Leather.

Alum mixed with pipeclay will be found successful as a means of cleaning waist belts of leather in white or pale shades. An old handkerchief should be dipped in the mixture and worked over the belt, the soiled lines and marks being rubbed in a rotary direction until the dirt disappears. The same procedure may be followed in restoring to their original color in soft kid, the treatment being repeated until the original color is restored.

How to Make Harmless Colorings.

To color frosting or candy: Lavender, two teaspoons of blackberry juice or jelly; bluish lavender, two teaspoons of blueberry juice; pink, beet, cherry or strawberry juice; yellow, orange, lemon or yolk of egg; brown, chocolate, coffee or tea; green, soft spinach or Swiss chard, then squeeze through cheesecloth. All these are harmless and after a little practice one becomes quite expert and can have many dainty effects.

FOR AGENTS—AN OPPORTUNITY

"The Old World And Its Ways"
By William Jennings Bryan
NOW READY FOR SOLICITORS

576 Imperial Octavo Pages. 251 Superb Engravings from Photographs taken by Col. Bryan. Recounts his trip around the world and his visits to all nations. The greatest book of travel ever written. The most successful book of this generation. 25,000 copies for in 30 days. Write us for sample reports of first 80 agents employed. The people buy it eagerly. The agent's harvest. Outfit FREE. Send fifty cents to cover cost of mailing and handling.

THE THOMPSON PUBLISHING CO., St. Louis, Mo.

Keep Your Bowels Open

It is a noticeable fact, and one which any doctor will verify that people who suffer most often from disease are the ones who have the most difficulty in keeping their bowels open. Regular bowel action is half the battle of health.

People who have a tendency to constipation must of necessity use something to help nature along. This should not be a violent aid like salts or purgative waters, cathartic pills or powders, but a syrup liquid that will oil the intestines and membranes that it comes in contact with. Children, women and weak people generally should never be given a strong physic, as it weakens the system. And it is futile for the strongest person because the matter is simply for a moment. The relation sets in and you are worse off than before. What is needed is a prompt but gentle laxative like Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. People have been taking it for sixteen years and it is beloved by more people every year. The reason is that it is a want. It is a natural bowel remedy. It is so sure in constipation, dyspepsia, indigestion, liver trouble, biliousness, nervousness, or any weak stomach, closed stomach and such like ailments. A bottle costs but 50 cents or \$1 and is worth a hundred times that so any sufferer. When mothers keep it constantly in the house for emergencies, because it is needed at some time for their own members. The family Dr. Lucius Underhill, the medical superintendent of the Worcester State Hospital, has kept her charges in perfect health by the use of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin whenever a stomach is brought to her attention. No other laxative is used in the home. If a bottle yourself today and watch the prompt and permanent results.

FREE TEST. Those wishing to try Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin before buying may have a free sample bottle sent to their home by addressing the company. This offer is in force while the supply lasts, and is only open to those who have never before used it. Send for it if you have any symptoms of stomach, liver or bowel disease. Send for most effective laxative for children, women and old folks. A. J. Caldwell, Syrup Pepsin Co., 1111 Broadway, New York City. **PUBLIC VERDICT:** "We have used Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin for years and it has cured our children and ourselves."—J. H. GARDNER, 119 Oldfield Bldg., Monticello, Ill.

RED CROSS DRUG STORE.

Considering A Proposition.

The Green River District Tobacco society of the A. S. of E. is considering a proposition to manufacture all of its 1906 crop now stored with the Louisville Warehouse Co. This proposition has been under consideration by the leaders for several days past and was discussed at a meeting held at Turbin & Wood's factory on Tuesday night. It appears to be generally acceptable to the members of the A. S. of E. who have tobacco in the pool, and it is probable that arrangements will be speedily completed for putting the tobacco on the market in the manufactured form.

Negotiations are pending with a Louisville manufacturer for manufacturing the A. S. of E. tobacco. The bulk of it will probably be made into chewing tobacco although a considerable quantity will probably be made into smoking tobacco. It will be put on the market with the A. S. of E. label on it and offered to the trade over the country.

If this deal goes through, it will practically eliminate the available supply of Green River tobacco with the exception of the 1907 crop which will be pooled with the A. S. of E. and that held by the independent growers. The A. S. of E. tobacco of the 1905 crop has passed out of the control of the committee and will doubtless be sold in a short time by the Louisville Warehouse Company.

The 1906 crop pooled with the Louisville Warehouse company has been disposed of in England, and the 1907 tobacco controlled by that organization has been sold to the American Tobacco Company, to be delivered from wagons at the Owensboro factory. With the 1906 crop now in storage in Louisville, out of the way, the A. S. of E. in Green River district would be in position to sell the 1907 crop direct to the buyers in Owensboro, or in any other manner that might seem best.—Owensboro Messenger.

TEXAS.

Mr. James Yaste and family were at Moorsville Saturday and Sunday, the guests of Mr. Thomas Mattingly, of that place.

Dr. A. C. Crosby has returned home, after a visit to his mother at Shelbyville.

Misses Hattie Arnold and May Mays were guests of Miss Minnie Funk, near Simstown, Saturday night and Sunday.

Born, to the wife of Mr. G. W. Conaugh, on the 17th, a girl.

Mr. Jacob Peterson and family are moving to the farm which was vacated by T. R. Peterson.

Mr. T. R. Peterson left on the 19th for Pittsburg, Penn. He expects to make his future home at that place.

There was a Sunday school organized at this place on the 17th. A large crowd was present. We wish it success.

Miss Texas Lynch is still very ill with typhoid fever.

Miss Hattie Hughes, of Cora, is visiting her sisters, Mrs. James Elder.

Mr. Ray Gordon and wife are visiting friends at Gravel Switch.

Mr. and Mrs. Len Bradshaw have moved to the house vacated by George Gibbs.

A New Lease On Life.

The Louisville Times of last Friday says: Instead of the grim march to the scaffold that has been scheduled for him this morning at 7 o'clock Clarence Sturgeon, the condemned murderer, found the opportunity for undisturbed sleep.

Through the action of his attorneys yesterday in obtaining an injunction from Judge Shackelford Miller, restraining Sheriff A. Scott Ball from carrying out the execution, Sturgeon was having at least a few days more to live with the probability that months may even pass before he will be hanged.

Next Tuesday the Court of Appeals will hear the motion of the Commonwealth to dissolve the injunction. An effort was made yesterday afternoon, after Judge Miller had granted the injunction, to get the Superior Court to take action at once, but this Chief Justice O'Rear refused to do, naming Tuesday of next week as the date of hearing.

Capt. William Sweeney, Enos McKay and William Perry, the attorneys for Sturgeon, withheld their trump card until 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon, when they appeared before Judge Miller. Up to that time it was deemed impossible to save Sturgeon from the gallows, but after the death warrant had been formally inspected by the attorneys the opportunity presented itself to spring their coup.

MAUD.

Miss Lydia Huston has returned from a visit to her sister, Mrs. Forrest Potter, of Washington, D. C.

Miss Abby Wakefield spent several days last week with Miss Roxie Wakefield at this place.

Mr. Stanley Vansardale, of Harrodsburg, was the guest of Miss Catherine

Wakefield Saturday and Sunday. Miss Beaulah Arnold, who is attending school at Springfield, is at home sick.

Miss Jennie Duncan is ill with typhoid fever.

Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay Dodson and daughter, Christine, were guests of Mr. B. F. Settle and family Sunday.

Messrs. Will Huston and Huston Wakefield were in Louisville Tuesday.

Mr. I. N. Arnold was in Springfield Monday.

Messrs. Neal Bobbitt and Will Russell, of Springfield, are visiting Mr. Eugene and Miss Laura Sheehan this week.

Messrs. Lynne Bush and Henry Royalty, of Springfield, were in our little town Sunday afternoon.

Messrs. E. E. Arnold and children visited Mr. George Lear and family, of Mackville, Friday.

Messrs. E. E. Wakefield and daughter, Miss Catherine, were in Bloomfield Saturday afternoon.

Miss Zula Lear, of Mackville, was the guest of her sister, Mrs. I. N. Arnold, last week.

Misses Belle and Roxie Wakefield spent Friday with Mr. T. M. Wakefield and family, of Bloomfield.

Miss Nellie Andrews spent last week with her sister, Mrs. Carol Allen, of Bloomfield.

Miss Bessie Tucker, of Bloomfield, is visiting Miss Nancy Sheehan.

I. N. Arnold and family spent Sunday at Mr. J. C. Brown's.

Mr. Clyde Brown and Miss May Bodine were guests of the Misses Wakefield Saturday evening.

How to Apply Fomentations.

Fomentations should always be as hot as can comfortably be borne, and to insure effect should be repeated every half hour, says the Pittsburg Press. They are of various kinds, but the most simple and often the most useful that can be employed is warm water. For a hot water fomentation a great deal of the trouble of wringing out the flannel can be saved if there happens to be a steamer in the house, into which it should be put over boiling water after being folded to the required size. Another plan is to damp the flannel with hot water and sprinkle a little turpentine on the side of the poultice to be applied. Cover the flannel used to foment, which should be folded four times thick with wool and oil silk. Another kind of fomentation is composed of dried poppy heads, cut four ounces. Break them in pieces, empty out the seeds, put them into four flats of water, boil for fifteen minutes, then strain, and keep the water for use.

How to Make Currant Punch.

Among the delicious summer drinks there is none more refreshing than currant punch. Three pints of ripe currants and one pint of red raspberries will make a large punch bowl full. Crush the fruit and add the juice of two lemons and two oranges and three quarts of water. Sweeten to the taste with sugar, stir, and then add a little lemon juice. Strain through a jelly bag, and on ice before serving. Put a small quantity of shaved ice into each glass and fill the glasses with the punch. It is better to add the cold sugar syrup after straining.

Sugar syrup is made by boiling granulated sugar with half the quantity—measured by cups—of cold water for ten minutes, cooling before it is used.

How to Take Care of Finger Nails.

In caring for discolored or stained finger nails a teaspoonful of lemon juice in a cup of warm water is invaluable. This is one of the best manicure aids. It will loosen the cuticle from the finger nails as well as remove discolorations. Brittle nails may be cured by soaking them daily for a few minutes in lukewarm sweet oil. Polish the nails daily with the chamomile skin polish to improve the circulation of the parts and make them clear and pink. No paste is needed. After washing the hands press back with the towel the flesh about the nails. This will prevent hangnails.

How Gloves May Be Cleaned.

To clean gloves rub with very slightly damp breadcrumbs. If not effective, scrape upon them dry French chalk when on the hands and rub them quickly together in all directions. Do this several times. Or put gloves of a light color in a basin of spirits of hartshorn. Soak gloves in it for a while in a strong lather made of soft soap and warm water or milk, or wash with rice pulp, or sponge them well with turpentine and hang them in a warm place or where there is a current of air, and all smell of turpentine will be removed.

How to Make Raspberry Punch.

To one quart of ice cold water add five teaspoonfuls of raspberry vinegar or raspberry syrup. Turn it into a large tumbler or punch bowl and stir well. Put into each glass a generous supply of ice and fill from the bowl. If raspberries are in season a cupful of them may be added, or, if not, use in their place a cup of shredded pineapple or a banana slice.

How to Clean Burned Dishes.

Baking dishes that become blackened with food scorched upon them should not go through the tedious process of scraping. Simply put a little water and ashes in the dish and let it become warm, and the burned and discolored portions may be easily cleaned without injuring the dish.

A Summer Storm.

By A. M. DAVIES OGDEN.

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The afternoon sunshine rippled across the lake, banishing the waves to gold and bringing out soft glints in Margaret Alston's hair. The girl's eyes gazed dreamily over the water. Her hands—firm, capable little hands—were clasped loosely behind her head as she leaned back in the rustic chair. The clear, delicately pencilled features, the pliant figure relaxed to a happy abandon—all breathed a rare atmosphere of refinement and charm. Mrs. Russell, looking critically at her, wondered for the thousandth time why Margaret had never married.

They were seated in one of the pretty piazzas crowded with flowers which decorated the Adirondack shores. Margaret had been reading aloud while the other sewed. Mrs. Russell carefully threaded her needle.

It has been so lovely to have you all to myself this morning," Margaret said sincerely. "I almost wish Ned was not bringing up that old mob to-night."

A glint of laughter flickered in the girl's eyes.

"And who all are coming?" she queried. "You know Mary's social tastes—Mary, who was never so happy as when entertaining a roomful. For herself, the fresh, cool breeze, the fringe of green eucalyptus, the sparkling bit of blue, the distant glimpses of purple mountains, the soft, warm sun, an unspoken sense of peace and comfort. She did not think that the people would bother her greatly. Mrs. Russell smiled.

"Well, there are Susie Hoyt and Billy Morris and Jim Blackwell and—ah, yes, you remember Townsend Lassiter. He is just returned from Chile, where I believe he was the most popular minister ever sent there from Washington. And Belen of Herrera arrives. She is a sort of ward of mine. I believe. He knew her parents intimately, and when they both died he rather took charge of the girl and has just brought her up to her mother's people. She was an American. The girl is awfully young, only seventeen, but they develop early in those countries. So when I asked him if he visited her too. He brought her to see me just before I left town, and in spite of his being so much older I believe he is going to marry her. It's quite a romantic story, isn't it?"

"Very," murmured Margaret. "He had grown a rufous hair, but that might have been attributable to the heat. The breeze was going down with the sun. Her manner was quite unusual."

"I remember Mr. Lassiter very well," she said quietly. "It will be pleasant to meet him again."

But as she dressed for dinner that evening Margaret found herself using more than her usual delicate care. When she had finished the girl lifted the hand glass and surveyed herself carefully. A little sigh fluttered between her parted lips. She was still slim and straight and tall, but the thoughtful mood had a fire about her eyes, and the soft hair showed a patch of silver.

"And he is engaged to a girl of seventeen," she reflected ruefully. "Will he think me very changed. I wonder?" Then with a sudden change of mood she blew out the candle and smiled. "He has probably forgotten the whole episode ages since," she decided. "Don't be a goose, Margaret. Evoking ghosts is a foolish habit."

But despite her philosophy Margaret was conscious of a quick throbbing of interest as Townsend Lassiter came forward to greet her. He at least had not changed, for if he had it was but to improve, conceded Margaret. The straight, thick-limbed, muscular, sun-tanned figure with gray, pleasant, frank eyes had a serious look in them. But the old flashing smile was there. Margaret experienced a sudden sense of relief. There was no hint of awkwardness in his manner, no note of servility in his greeting to an old friend was exactly right. Then he turned.

"I want you to meet Miss D. Herrera," he said.

During dinner Margaret looked at the little South American. She seemed a mere child with her round, dark, velvety eyes and sensitive, quivering mouth. And Townsend Lassiter cared for her. He treated her with a grave, careful tenderness that considered her every want. Yet all at once Margaret felt a queer, cold, icy shiver of sympathy for the shy, half-frightened little thing. She seemed so young, so helpless. As they all rose to leave the dining room Margaret spoke to her in kind, telling her that the sun had lighted up the soft olive cheeks flushed dusky, as the girl stammered some grateful reply. Margaret was almost startled at the loveliness of the child, and young Morris, close behind, caught her breath.

The house party had been invited for two weeks, but hardly three days had passed before Mrs. Russell was glad to surmise something wrong. To all appearance her guests were well chosen and congenial, but some subtle sixth sense made her aware of a strain, a tension, carefully hidden, but acutely present. She felt to watching, but consciousness baffled her. The little South American girl, her eyes wild and darker than ever, clung to Margaret, and she seemed almost to melt into the girl's arms. The Morris boy moped. Margaret, in a mood difficult of analysis, enveloped herself in a wayward brilliancy impossible to penetrate. Once or twice his hostess caught Lassiter

glancing with curious eyes his little fiancee. What was the matter with them all, wondered Mrs. Russell. Was Lassiter jealous? There could be nothing serious in the Morris boy's attentions.

It was the last night of their stay. All day heavy clouds had been piling up in the west, threatening masses of violet. The sun had sunk below the horizon in a sullen blaze of dull red. The stillness of the house was intense. Margaret, restless and wretched, had slipped outside, seeking a refuge, a breath among the stately pines. Above her head they murmured to endless cadence, musical and mysterious. But to her troubled mind the tranquillity of the woods brought no peace. As yet the pain was too fresh for nature's assuagement. And twisted through the tangle of her own persistent thoughts ran a teasing little thought. "If I had been the girl who had come to her room. The camel-like face was pale; the dusky eyes had an odd look of suffering. She had picked up Margaret's silver hand glass and stood balancing it absently. "Mr. Townsend, he is very great man, is he not?" She had put the question wisely, and Margaret had answered yes.

"It is strange that he can care for one—me so young, so ignorant, so untrained. But to her troubled mind the tranquillity of the woods brought no peace. As yet the pain was too fresh for nature's assuagement. And twisted through the tangle of her own persistent thoughts ran a teasing little thought. "If I had been the girl who had come to her room. The camel-like face was pale; the dusky eyes had an odd look of suffering. She had picked up Margaret's silver hand glass and stood balancing it absently. "Mr. Townsend, he is very great man, is he not?" She had put the question wisely, and Margaret had answered yes.

"For a moment Margaret's heart had been touched to beating. What could the child mean? Then she had forced herself to calmness.

"I know he does," she had answered steadily. "He cares very much."

But the question lingered in Margaret's mind, touched to poignant significance by the memory of that small white face. Of what was the child thinking? Whence came the hidden feeling which prompted the query?

Margaret, despite the close atmosphere, slipped, why had Lassiter turned and why, oh, why, had he come here to destroy, this time forever, the peace of mind which Margaret had believed so secure at last? And this poor child who loved her! Involuntarily Margaret's heart needed a quest. How hard, how complicated, was life! But thank Heaven, tomorrow they need see him no more.

There was a step behind her on the path, and she turned, needing a quest. How hard, how complicated, was life! But thank Heaven, tomorrow they need see him no more.

"Margaret!" But she caught himself at once. "I beg your pardon," he smiled. "You looked almost like a ghost there among the trees. I am on my way to bed, but I thought I would say good-night to you. You are on the lake, and it looks so like a storm."

"Come," she said quickly. It had grown very dark. The sultry air was breathless. Not a stir stirred the leaves. The slippers, overgrown path was difficult to find, but Margaret sped unhesitatingly on. That little frail came out on the tumbling waves! Oh, why was the boat house so far! And then all at once a garbled cry, a hoarse, hoarse cry caught her foot. She tripped, stumbled, and the next instant she had fallen into Lassiter's arms.

"It was only for one brief fraction of time, one half anguished moment, during which his effort at self mastery, his emotion roused was not to be so easily leashed. The bitterness of years surged to the surface.

"Margaret!" he cried. "Oh, Margaret, why did you send me away?" "I didn't know," murmured the woman unsteadily. "I thought I didn't care, and then it was too late—you had gone. But—then you are happy now," she urged. "Belien!"

"Belien!" she said. "Lassiter quietly. "The girl was left so alone with only me for guardian there seemed nothing else to do. I shall try to make her a good husband. But you, Margaret—his voice suddenly dropped into an unconscious entreaty—"Margaret!"

Then out of the gloom a voice echoed clearly across the water.

"No, no," it sobbed, and both man and woman, stopping suddenly, recognized the voice as Belien's. "You mustn't talk so. I can't marry you. Oh, I can't! He loves me. Miss Alston says so. And he has been too good to me. I must not break his heart, but I love Billy."

Across the murky darkness leaped a light, a flash of light, a tremendous crashing peal seemed to split the very heavens, and then suddenly the rain, loosed at last, came pouring down, cool, cleansing, revivifying, bringing a grateful freshness to the thirsty earth. The man, his stern self-control shattered, stood with his arms outstretched against that unearthly brilliance. In that instant of vision had been revealed the picture of a man and a maid, a picture old when time was young—Billy Morris kissing Belien.

"Oh, Margaret, you saw, you heard! Belien is going to marry Billy Morris, and you—you are going to marry me, aren't you, Margaret?" as she lifted her face to his.

"I think I'll have to let her go," said the captain.

The Steersman of the Thomas Jefferson.

(Original.)

During the Spanish-American war there were certain naval vessels that were manned entirely by volunteers. One of these, a converted cruiser, the Thomas Jefferson, was under command of Captain Diman, a regular officer. The names, for reasons which will be obvious as the story develops, are fictitious. At the close of the war the Jefferson was assigned to Havana for awhile, and the captain sent for his daughter to come down for a visit. Later the captain was ordered to take his vessel north, where the crew were to be discharged and she was to return to the merchant service. Whether or no the captain violated a naval regulation in taking his daughter home with him in his vessel is one of the reasons for concealing his name. The truth is Miss Margaret Diman had been aboard the cruiser several times while she lay in Havana harbor and had held her own reasons for wishing to return in her. Another truth is that the captain did not know that she was on board till he was steaming along the South Carolina coast, and when he found it out he nearly had a fit.

However, there is a special reason for his being thrown off his equilibrium. For he has discovered his daughter was on board was this: On deck at two bells in the evening a beautiful moonlight night—he saw something fluttering from a snug corner amidships, either behind a funnel or a smoke pipe or some of the various appendages to the deck with a ship. Some say it was not amidships at all, but clear aft, behind the binnacle. The latter is more likely, for the captain came up from his cabin in the stern about the cruiser several times while she lay in Havana harbor and had held her own reasons for wishing to return in her. Another truth is that the captain did not know that she was on board till he was steaming along the South Carolina coast, and when he found it out he nearly had a fit.

As Captain Diman had commanded a crew, so had Marian from childhood commanded Captain Diman. As soon as the vessel was on board was this: On deck at two bells in the evening a beautiful moonlight night—he saw something fluttering from a snug corner amidships, either behind a funnel or a smoke pipe or some of the various appendages to the deck with a ship. Some say it was not amidships at all, but clear aft, behind the binnacle. The latter is more likely, for the captain came up from his cabin in the stern about the cruiser several times while she lay in Havana harbor and had held her own reasons for wishing to return in her. Another truth is that the captain did not know that she was on board till he was steaming along the South Carolina coast, and when he found it out he nearly had a fit.

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One day this same Jackie was at the wheel. The captain came up the companionway from his cabin, looked at the steersman, but did not remark to have seen him before; looked at the compass, then at the watch, then at the vessel in her course. He noticed that she always pointed true. Turning to the helmsman, he said: "You steer very well, my man."

The Jackie saluted respectfully. "Have you picked up steering aboard this ship?" asked the captain.

"No, sir; this is the first time I've had the wheel."

"Where did you learn?"

"In the Atlantic and Mediterranean mostly."

"What kind of vessels?"

"Only a yacht."

"Whose?"

"My own."

The captain paused. He thought of the volunteer service and the different kinds of men who volunteered. Then he asked another question in a slightly different tone:

"What's the size of your yacht?"

"About 1,500 tons."

"H-m," said the captain and walked forward.

The Jefferson sailed into port of the navy yards on the New England coast, the crew were mustered out, and the vessel was ordered to the merchant service. On the evening after this was effected a card bearing a name Captain Diman had never heard of came to him in his quarters. He received the visitor, a young man dressed in the height of fashion, who smiled and said:

"You don't remember me, captain. I've just come from serving under your command."

"I don't recall—"

"I'm the man who was sitting with—" "Yes, yes, I remember, sir."

"And the steersman whom you spoke to one day."

"I see."

"I've come to ask for your daughter's hand."

When the captain recovered his equilibrium he said:

"Marian has nothing. I suppose you can take care of her comfortably."

"I can if the interest on eight million will do it. I suppose you shall have to economize till my grandmother dies, when I'll get six millions more."

"I think I'll have to let her go," said the captain.

FLORENCE GILBERT.

PUBLIC SALE!

Thursday, December 5.

Having decided to move to Indiana I will offer for sale, on the above date, at my home place, at Kellys Shop, the following:

Two good work horses, two good driving horses, one yearling Chester Daresilly, pair of 4-year-old work mules, one suckling mare, mule colt, 3 cows, one mule, one sow and pigs and some stock hogs, one thoroughbred boar, a lot of baled hay. Two buggies, one runabout, one good wagon, one good riding plow, two breaking-up plows, harness and a lot of other farming implements—A good new tobacco planter. Household and kitchen furniture.

Terms made known on day of sale.

Sale to begin at 1:30, p. m.

WALTER THOMPSON.

S. M. Campbell, Auctioneer.

Public Sale!

Saturday, November 23

As I have sold my farm, I will offer the following property for sale on the above date, near the Cross Roads, where B. F. Colvin now lives:

One work mare, 9-years-old; 1 work mare 4-years-old; 2 mares, 2-years-old; all four of these mares are in foal. 1 2-year-old mare by Leachman's horse; 1 suckling colt, 1 yearling colt, 2 years-old, 2 milk cows and calves, 2 fat hogs, 1 sow and 20 head of sheep. Two wagons, and 1 good 1-horse wagon; buggy and harness, broom machine, a few farming implements and household and kitchen furniture.

The above property will be sold on 12 months time.

George G. Colvin.

S. M. Campbell, Auctioneer.

SALE BEGINS AT 10 O'CLOCK, A. M.

Commissioner's Sale!

J. R. Harmon, etc., Plaintiffs, vs. W. O. Harmon, etc., Defendants.

By virtue of a judgment and order of sale of the Washington Circuit Court, rendered at the October term thereof, 1907, in the above styled cause, I shall proceed to offer for sale on the premises about the hour of 1:30 o'clock, p. m., or thereabout, on

THURSDAY, NOV. 28, 1907.

Upon a credit of 1, 2 and 3 years.

The land to be sold is near Mackville and situated in Washington county, Ky., and is bounded as follows:

Beginning at a stone corner to dozer in John B. Litsay's line, thence N. 33° E. 107 poles to a Beech tree, thence N. 33° E. 74 poles to a stone in Josh Tume's line, on said branch, thence with Tume's line N. 57° W. 99 poles to a stone on the West side of the road, thence S. 32° W. 85 poles to a stone, thence S. 32° W. 26 poles to a Beech tree, thence S. 32° W. 85 poles to a stone corner to dozer, thence S. 57° W. 109 poles to the beginning, containing one hundred and twenty two (122) acres.

For the purchase price the purchaser or purchasers with approved security or sureties must execute bonds bearing legal interest from date of sale until paid and having the force and effect of a judgment. A lien will be retained on the land for which bond is executed. Bidders will be required to comply promptly with these terms.

M. G. LEACHMAN, M. C. W. C. C.

SUBSCRIBERS FREE COLUMN.

Mrs. B. B. Leachman has for sale pure bred White Holland turkeys. Toms \$3, hens \$2.

F. M. Shewmaker, Rt. 3, has for sale twenty 80 pound roasts.

L. A. Burns, Springfield, has for sale a nice lot of mules.

A. C. Kimball, Springfield, has for sale four dozen Brown Leghorn hens and three cockrels.

Mrs. N. C. Campbell, Springfield, Ky., R. F. D. 2, has for sale Mammoth Bronze turkeys. Toms \$4, hens \$2.50.

For sale, a nice lot of M. B. turkeys, Waldner & Wright strains, and well marked. Will sell at reasonable prices. Address Miss Eliza McInnis, 1 long 1 short.

J. L. Allen, Springfield, wants to buy a lot of corn and oats.

C. L. Grundy, R. R. No. 1, has for sale a 125 pound Chester White male hog.

Mrs. J. A. Cecil, Fredericktown, Ky., has for sale 50 pure bred Buff Wyandott pullets and a few cockerels, and a small lot of pure bred light Brahmas.

W. M. Hardin, Fenwick, has for sale twenty-five stock shoats, averaging about 50 pounds.